



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 12

April 2011

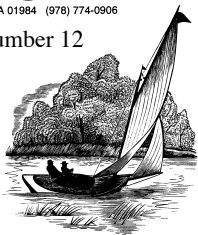
**Special Features This Issue**  
Icebreaker – Six Days on the Water  
Three Layers and Three Reefs – Wrecked on the Hard  
Rafting the River – Falling Off – Lone Gal  
What Grandma Told Me About Catboats



# messing about in BOATS

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April 2011



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# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Publishing this little magazine every month is something of a “living on the edge” lifestyle. Every issue is, to a greater or lesser degree, an ad hoc production. As I start off the next issue (May), as soon as this April issue is sent off to the printer on March 1, I have no idea what much of its final content will be. There are certain standing pages which I know will be filled: The front cover, my “Commentary,” Matthew Goldman’s “From the Journals of Constant Waterman,” a page or two of “You write to us about...” letters, usually a “Book Review” or two, Hugh Ware’s “Beyond the Horizon,” a selection from “25 Years Ago in MAIB,” Susanne Altenburger’s “Phil Bolger and Friends on Design,” C. Henry Depew’s “From the Lee Rail,” six pages of ads in the “Trade Directory,” almost always two pages in the “Classified Marketplace,” Robert Summer’s “Shiver Me Timbers” cartoon page, and Adirondack Guideboat’s back cover ad.

These add up to about 24 pages, plus or minus, allowing for some variation from month to month in the length of some of these “regular” features. This leaves me with about 36 pages to fill. From where or who will this content come? Well, still the #1 source is the stories you submit to share with all of us. Statistical probability usually comes through with a nice assortment of interesting tales, from 3,000 or so readers always a dozen or so decide to share their experiences with us in any one month. Due to the random scale (in length, number of photos, etc) of these they can generally fill another 12-18 pages.

To be sure of enough content I’ve taken to doing a bit of the *Reader’s Digest* thing, reprinting interesting articles from other publications (without doing much “digesting,” I like them to go on as long as their writers intended them to go on). I have an arrangement with several other “small” publications, chiefly club journals, to share some of their content I feel is appropriate for us. They have some very good reading in them, which is seen by only their smallish individual memberships. After having been published for their members only, passing these on to our substantially larger readership greatly broadens the reach of their special focus.

Amongst these sources are two that I particularly value because of their different viewpoints on small boating; *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of The Dinghy Cruising Association of Great Britain, and *Paddles Past*, Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association, also of Great Britain. Both provide a somewhat different look at messing about in small boats, both in geographical locales and in historic perspective.

From within the USA we sometimes borrow content from *The Shallow Water*

*Sailor*, Journal of the Shallow Water Sailors, *Canoe Sailor*, Newsletter of the ACA National Sailing Committee, and the *Ash Breeze*, Journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association. Also a great source of local club news relevant to the rest of us has been *The Main Sheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA.

We encourage professional boat builders and designers to share news of what they are doing with us, as well as invite other small boat groups to pass on anything they think might interest our readership’s broader range of interests.

So, back to the May issue. Will there be one? I believe so after over 650 published without a miss over 28 years. What might you expect to read in it? Well, I do have several articles in hand already, a big head start over some bygone issues when I cleaned out everything I could lay my hands on to fill up 60 pages.

One major story will be excerpts from a book, *Locked Up... and Down, 15 Days on the Erie Canal*, by Al Freihofer, who spent the two weeks rowing the whole canal in his Adirondack Guideboat and found it to be something of a “continuous community.” A couple of years ago Al shared his story on rowing his guideboat from Troy, New York, to Baltimore, Maryland, down the ICW from his book, *The Big Row*.

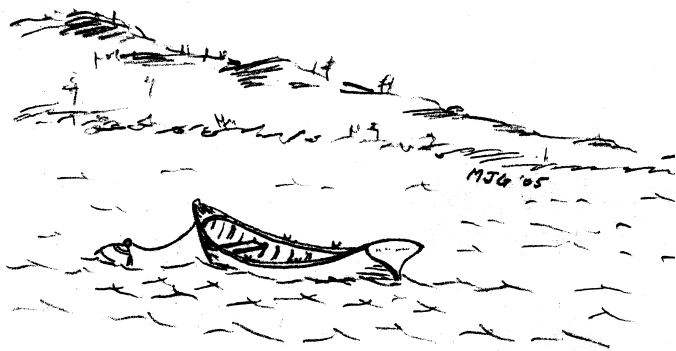
We have another arctic paddling adventure from Gail Ferris in hand and are also hopeful that Dick Winslow’s story on Canoeing Utah’s San Juan River will be finalized to his satisfaction.

From *Paddles Past* we have a longish how-to article on canoe building aimed at the youthful readers of *The Boys’ Own Paper* of 100 years ago. I am pondering several choices on dinghy cruising from the *DCA Bulletin*, haven’t decided on which at the moment. From *The Mainsheet* Mike Wick tells us about “How Come Two Melon-seeds?” Mike is also now co-editor (with Ned Asplundh) of the TSCA *Ash Breeze*.

There’s a nice long cruising story on Sailing Fort Peck Lake (on the Missouri River) in hand, and Dan Rogers has something called “Old Salt” coming soon, maybe this issue? A collection of several essays on boating in and around City Island, New York, back when the author was young looks very promising, and I see in my email as I finish this Commentary off several more reader contributions, one about two Corinthian Yachts on offer to anyone interested and another set of essays titled “Riverine Dreams” about the pleasures of downsizing to really small boats. There’s more to come that is yet to be revealed. Looks pretty promising for yet another issue, it will be the first issue of our 29th year.

## On the Cover...

Winter iceboating on the Hudson is a game utterly dependent on the condition of the ice. Good conditions are elusive, this winter just past had too much snow. Dock Shuter, who sails on the river year round (trimaran and iceboat), sends along this photo, credited to the “Admiral” taken from one of two 100 year old ice yachts “sailing” along at about 50mph.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman  
(Stonington, Connecticut)

### Menemsha

Out in Martha's Vineyard Sound, the wind blew at least 12 knots but gusted 20. I was glad I had bent on the smaller of my two jibs. Off I went toward Menemsha, only nine miles away as the petrel flits. The ebb tide pushed from behind, the wind pushed from before, but the chop didn't seem severe enough to bother with foul weather gear.

I needed to tack four times. This increased my passage to 15 miles. Beating as close to the wind as I could, I still made 5-6 knots thanks to the tide. As I approached my destination, I noticed my GPS and compass disagreed as to my actual heading. Besides, Menemsha Harbor could not be over there. I scanned the shore with binoculars. Menemsha should be in that sandy bight of shore, down there a mile. So it proved.

The sea had begun to kick up a bit; my glasses were crusting over and my hair began to stiffen. It was getting on for lunch: about 4 o'clock. When it gets as choppy as this, I can't leave the helm. My autopilot, the one that adapts to a tiller, still waits in its glossy catalogue. I'd been in such a hurry to go aground in Lake Tashmoo that I hadn't prepared any lunch. I couldn't even pop below to snag a Yellow Delicious. The nectarine that I'd eaten at 10:30 informed me that it was lonely.

"Too bad," I barked. "Get used to it. Real men don't eat lunch."

I rounded the mark at the mouth of the harbor and ducked behind the jetty. The water there was calm; the wind but a breeze. I wafted into the harbor under sail and looked about. There's a large salt pond beyond the head of Menemsha Harbor with 10' of water in it: a perfect anchorage. I approached the head of the harbor. On a large catamaran, docked at a pier, some sailors watched my passage.

"How's the channel into the pond?" I enquired. "I draw 4'."

"Fine," they replied. "But you'll have to carry your boat."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Just roll up your trousers," they suggested. "The channel's only knee deep."

I found this less than amusing. When I later studied my chart for more detail, I found a note on the already diminutive insert of Menemsha. This note was printed in 4pt type, I could read it with my nose squashed against the chart. Yes, the channel into the pond lacked only

water. At the height of the tide, about 11 tonight, I might just scrape my way in. Then again, I might just go aground for the second time today.

I decided to pick up a mooring at the head of the outer harbor. There was only one problem: some devious person had borrowed most of the water. 20' from the mooring buoy, my progress suddenly halted. I quickly slacked my sails and backed off the mud with my motor. Whew! Nearly aground, again. I dropped an anchor and payed out what scope I dared. No way could I spend a night here. I called the harbormaster.

"You can't anchor, there," he informed me. "Go back outside the harbor and pick up a mooring."

"Roger," I replied. Roger is not exactly a friend of mine. More a casual acquaintance: the kind who cadges a drink, then spits on your shoe. Outside the jetty, I spotted a likely mooring: a 2' ball sporting a 1" pendant.

On my VHF, the weather clown brayed the worst about a tropical storm named *Florence*. The strident wind rattled my rigging. Perhaps this *Florence* will prove a coarse, degenerate wench with an eye for reckless sailors. They say she means to lift her skirts when she reaches Georges Banks. Nantucket Sound, 200 miles inshore from the banks, is scheduled to get 12 footers and 30 knots; Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound a bit less. The fun is due to start in earnest tomorrow. Tonight I can practice rolling out of my bunk.

So much for a sheltered anchorage and a lovely, lovely hot shower. I bounced through the chop and made a grab at the mooring. The wind swung my bow as soon as I left the helm. I missed the mooring. I motored about and made another pass at it. I managed to snag the pendant with my boathook about amidships. Then the fun began. I got a grip on the eye splice with both hands and nearly got yanked overboard. After my arms began to start from their sockets, I had to let go. On the third attempt, the wind took me out of reach again.

On the fourth attempt, I again snagged the pendant amidships. This time, I worked it inboard enough to take a half turn on a stanchion. Had I been thinking, I could have passed another line through the eye splice. I slowly worked my way forward, stanchion-to-stanchion, as *MoonWind* bucked and plunged. After several minutes, I managed to secure the line to my 10" forward cleat. The line barely fit through my chock. It took me several more minutes to work the chafing gear up the line and through the crowded chock.

Now that it was nearly dark, I thought I deserved some lunch. I felt disinclined to cook. Just lurching about the cabin was fun enough without falling onto a hot stove. I fixed a cold meal and rolled into my bunk with all my clothes on. If anything untoward happened, I wanted to be ready. But the wind and sea never grew that ferocious: they merely conspired to keep me awake all night. As I couldn't sleep, I amused myself by checking my mooring every couple of hours and reprimanding my dinghy, streamed astern, for wanting to ram me.

So much for riding out the storm in snug Menemsha Harbor the next two days. It made most sense to scoot across to Cuttyhunk, a mere eight miles away, during the morning lull. The tide would be in my favor. I finally dozed off about 4am. At daybreak I was up. Coffee would have to wait. The wind was only 15 knots but I needed to head dead into it. I left my sails furled, started my motor, and cast off the mooring pendant.

By 7am I passed the mid-channel marker and entered Canapitsit Channel that separates Cuttyhunk Island from nearby Nashawena. By 8am I was fast to a transient mooring in sheltered Cuttyhunk Harbor. As the rising wind began to keen in my rigging, I cooked a delicious hot breakfast of eggs and potatoes and poured a whole pot of coffee over my head.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 8th Biennial Model Boat Show

The Woods Hole (Massachusetts) Historical Museum is holding its 8th Biennial Model Boat Show fundraiser on April 16 and 17, Saturday and Sunday, 2011! Please join us for a stroll through exhibits of 150 model boats representing many clubs and enthusiasts. Enjoy the radio-controlled model boat races, the special tugboat exhibit, kids' model making, and talks by a researcher from WHOI's Deep Submergence Lab and the Compass Project GPS Tracked Mini-Sailboat Océangoing Race. For further information: [www.woodsholemuseum.org](http://www.woodsholemuseum.org)

### Chesapeake Bay Dinghy Cruise May 29 - June 4

Each year the US Wayfarer Association sponsors a week-long Chesapeake cruise open this year to other interested participants, persons with advanced sailing skills only. Boats should be comparable to the Wayfarer in sailing capabilities and seaworthiness.

Those who have read or heard about James Michener's renowned historical novel, *Chesapeake*, are going to be intrigued by this adventure. We will experience sailing on the historic waters of the Choptank River, seeing Tilghman Island, and exploring the remote reaches of the marshy creeks that feed the Little Choptank River, including the infamous Slaughter Creek.

We will be staying in excellent marinas with top-notch facilities. The focus will be on cruising as a boat-camping experience. All boats must conform to the required cruise safety list and rules. Due to the nature of this cruise, the total number of participants will be limited and accepted on a first come basis. Newcomers will be asked to describe their prior sailing experience.

The cruise will start out from historic, picturesque Oxford, Maryland, located where the Tred Avon River empties into the Choptank. Everyone will congregate Sunday, May 29, in Oxford and launch their boats. There we will enjoy a great seafood dinner (for those of that ilk) and overnight in a nearby marina. From Oxford on Monday morning we will head west to take in Tilghman Island, a popular tourist destination for people who enjoy all kinds of water sports. It is a main destination of sports fishermen, with many charter boats to pick from. There are a number of marinas and some good restaurants on Tilghman Island.

After Tilghman Island, we turn south to the much quieter, off the beaten path waters of the Little Choptank River. This will be a fairly lengthy sail. (See other possibilities below.) The marina on Slaughter Creek will be our first port of call. A short walk from the marina is a local bar and grill, situated in, if things haven't changed, what was once a really cool old general store loaded with fascinating artifacts. This is also a place where we may get to rub elbows with a local waterman or two, relaxing after a hard day of crabbing.

Next we plan to poke our noses into the

upper reaches of the Little Choptank River and Fishing Creek. Picking our way up these marshy estuaries is great fun, and there should be a tremendous amount of wildlife to see. There will be bald eagles, surely! Now we'll be in an area that even I haven't explored before, so I'll be learning just like everyone else. If we run across a nice spot to land and enjoy a picnic, that will be great. The day will end at Madison Bay Marina and Campground where we will stay overnight.

If all has gone as planned, the following day will be Thursday; and it will be time to head back. That means we need to retrace our route to Tilghman Island, and then finally to beautiful Oxford. (See other possibilities below.) If we get back early enough Friday, some may wish to retrieve their boats. Otherwise, staying in the marina and departing on Saturday will be an option.

Other possibilities. One of the favorite highlights of prior Tangier Sound cruises has been landing on the beach at Watts Island. It took several cruises before we discovered beautiful Watts Island. On this new cruise we see the potential for Watts Island experiences. From the chart and satellite images we think there might be a nice sandy landing spot in the vicinity of Hills Point Cove. Also, we are looking with interest at possibilities at James Island. Like Captain John Smith, way back in 1603(?), we won't really know until we get there.

As always, unsuitable weather can impact the plan and schedule. I'm hoping that we can get one or two boats with motors in case we encounter any periods of no wind.

Dick Harrington, [rmharrington@sbcglobal.net](mailto:rmharrington@sbcglobal.net). For more about the USWA see [www.uswayfarer.org](http://www.uswayfarer.org).

### Classic Boat Show & Small Craft Festival

The 30th annual boat show at the Michigan Maritime Museum will be held afloat and on shore in conjunction with South Haven's HarborFest on June 18. Classic and traditional small craft; row, paddle, sail and motor, will be featured with demonstrations and speakers throughout the day as well as toy boat building for kids. In addition, there will be the dedication of the museum's new river launch, the grand opening of the Black River Exhibit and a nautical auction. For more information and boat show registration forms, contact the museum at 260 Dyckman Ave (at the bridge), South Haven, MI 49090, (269) 637-8078, [www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org](http://www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org).

Sandy Bryson, South Haven, MI



The Kids Build the Boat...  
and the Boat Builds the Kids.

### 8th Annual Boat Building Festival

The Compass Project of Portland, Maine, will host its 8th Annual Boat Building Festival in Back Cove Park at Preble Street (New Location!) in Portland, Maine, on July 8, 9, and 10. Be part of a unique community event. Build your own 12' skiff in two days! The boat is yours to take home, donate or auction or raffle as a fundraiser!

Families, corporate teams, youth organizations are all invited to participate. Your team of five participants will be one of 20 teams building 20 boats under a tent in Monument Square. No skills necessary, all materials and supplies are provided. Schedule is 3-6pm on Friday, July 8; 9am-4pm on Saturday, July 9; and 9am-3pm on Sunday July 10, ending with Celebration Boat Launching at East End Beach.

Help a good cause and have fun at the same time! Your participation in this event helps raise funds for Compass Project boat building and rowing programs for at-risk youth! Call (207) 774-0682 to register.

The Compass Project, 219 Anderson St, Portland, ME 04101, (207) 774-0682, [www.compassproject.org](http://www.compassproject.org)

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Winter on the Hudson

A couple of us went to help set up the Bronx based Rocking the Boat's (a boat-building program for urban youth) new iceboat on the Hudson. It was built from a 260-year-old oak from the Bronx Botanical Garden. Unfortunately, not all the plans to be found at Mystic Seaport are good ones. The plank wasn't long enough, runners were too thin, mast in the wrong place, etc, but it was a nice job of construction:

We pushed it out onto the river, but the ice hadn't set up overnight so it wouldn't sail with anybody in it. In the course of pushing and maneuvering, one of the runners broke, so it got carried back in.

While were out on the river, a jet (I thought it to be an old military trainer) flew a little north of the bridge, and did a roll probably at 1000'. At first everybody was watching, but then everybody's attention went back to the boat, except I continued to watch the plane, as I'd never seen it in these parts before. He proceeded back towards the bridge and did another roll at no more than 500'. At first I thought he was going to attempt to pull out and fly under the bridge, but he stalled and nose-dived right into ice just a little to the east of the eastern bridge pylon. It was low tide so he hit 1' of ice over about 2' of water. He missed the bridge by a couple hundred feet and the ice broken ship channel by about the same distance. Made a sickening whump noise & big splash.



About an hour after the crash and the boat rockers had left, we three started towards the wreck, but decided we were close enough with all the helicopters and emergency people about.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY



## Information of Interest...

### Mystic Seaport Museum Herreshoff Maritime Museum Affiliation

Mystic Seaport announces that it has agreed to affiliate with the Herreshoff Marine Museum of Bristol, Rhode Island. This agreement advances Mystic's mission to inspire an enduring connection to the American maritime experience and has the potential to become a model for future partnerships or alliances with other maritime institutions.

The Herreshoff Marine Museum's mission, assets, programs, and aspirations are remarkably similar to Mystic's. Their collection of models, images, plans, and watercraft is highly complementary to Mystic's. The story of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co of Bristol, Rhode Island (1878-1945) is most important and compelling, one that needs to be brought to a broader audience and made more accessible to the research and maritime community.

Mystic Seaport will realize tangible benefits from this affiliation ranging from adding new content for future exhibitions and publications to participating as a partner in

supporting the America's Cup Hall of Fame. Together the two museums will hold the most comprehensive collection of America's Cup material and content.

Mystic Seaport's own strategic priorities will always take precedence. It will continue its institutional concentration on the restoration of the *Charles W. Morgan*, as well as the other program and exhibition priorities. Importantly, Mystic Seaport has no financial obligation resulting from this affiliation, and the Herreshoff Marine Museum will continue to operate independently. Mystic's commitment is to assist the Herreshoff Museum become a stronger and more vibrant museum, and any services provided will depend on the time and resources available and will be fee based.

Steve White, President, Mystic Seaport

## Opinions...

### Cold Weather Epoxy Work

In response to Dave Lucas's article about covering cloth with epoxy when the temperature is below 65°, I most respectfully have to disagree. I do most of my boat building in the winter in an unheated garage, where the temperature is never above 50° if it is below freezing outside, which here in New Hampshire is at least three months out of the year. My garage is located in the first floor of a two-story house, and I leave the door open to the interior of the house, the laundry room, when I work in the garage. Additionally, I have built a duct system that can draw room temperature air from the house into the garage.

But as stated, the best I can do is 50° when it's below freezing. Perhaps Dave is using the wrong method or the wrong epoxy. I use an especially thick #11 hardener from AeroMarine Products that has almost the consistency of honey, along with their #300 resin. I don't use a roller. Instead, I pour a thick channel of epoxy down the middle of the cloth I want to soak, and let it set for about five minutes until it soaks through, holding that portion of the cloth in place. Then I spread the epoxy around with a squeegee. I have one that is a piece of flat hard rubber, and another, which is just a window squeegee I got at Target for a few bucks. Now granted, in 50° it takes two days for the epoxy to set up, sometime three or four to where I think it can be sanded with out unduly loading up the sand paper. But nevertheless, I get a lot of work done in the winter in a cold garage. I hope this gives some encouragement to the prospective amateur boat building who read Dave's report.

Richard Brewer, Keene, NH

## In Memoriam...

### Sam Geiger

A great boat builder, Sam Geiger, died of natural causes in January at the age of really old. Sam was in the fight in the Pacific during WWII. He's been a regular here at the Boatworks and Happy Hour Club for a long time and we'll miss seeing him every morning. Sam was a master boat builder, lately he'd been specializing in kayaks, his were the only boats that ever sold around here. Back in the '70s he built a 43-footer and sailed across the Atlantic to the Med and back to the West Indies and up to New England. He was skilled at stitch and glue construction and was making me a 20' double. I'll see if I can finish it. He was a really good man and an inspiration to us all.

David Lucas, Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club, Cortez, FL



At first (or second or tenth) glance, this might not seem to be the kind of book that you would want reviewed in *MAIB*. After all, we are small boat adventurers, builders and dreamers; circumnavigating the Atlantic on a 66' offshore cruiser seems outside our world. And I can just hear someone a bit more conventional wondering why Editor Bob sent this book off to be reviewed by a guy who built a PD Racer. Truth in advertising prompts me to admit to only limited experience with large sailing cruisers, but it seems that folks in that universe are already counting *The Modern Cruising Sailboat* as the guide needed by anyone who contemplates passage making in a sailboat, either those in the market for a boat or those preparing their boat for cruising. So what does this have to do with us messabouts?

My initial prejudices were dealt with in the book's introduction. The same issues that effect small boaters, effect cruisers. Time to sail/boat, the nature of the waters we operate in, cost and complexity (how long does it take me to get underway?), size of boat vs available crew. Doane urges his readers to consider what they really "need" in a boat. The first chapter covers history and evolution of cruising boats. In addition to yachts of the well to do, Slocum, MacGregor, Bishop, and other "alternative cruisers" are covered. The author intentionally uses our beloved phrase, "messing about in boats," to treat cruising as just another location on a continuum, instead of something different from what we do.

Turns out that this volume isn't just about rich guy toys. The author, Charlie Doane, does have the credentials to write on this subject, having been on the editorial staffs of *SAIL*, *Cruising World*, and *Offshore* magazines in addition to freelance writing about cruising boats for around 20 years. Doane recognizes



## Book Review

### *The Modern Cruising Sailboat* A Complete Guide to Its Design, Construction, and Outfitting

By Charles J. Doane  
International Marine/McGraw-Hill, 2010

Review by John C. Nystrom

that not everyone wants or needs a deep-draft, fiberglass, Marconi rigged boat, even if that is the most common boat on the market.

The thing that sets this book apart from the usual narrow focus of cruising and passage making books is that the author recognizes that not everyone wants to avoid gunkholes, shallow water, or having to live within small budgets. This book includes wood and metal, in addition to fiberglass, in the chapter

on hull and deck construction. Rigging, other than what is modern and (now) conventional, is discussed. This isn't to say the author is either a traditionalist or someone who dismisses everything in the past as undesirable; he seems to be able to evaluate everything for advantages and disadvantages, and recognize that everything about a boat involves compromises with one detail affecting other aspects of design or equipment.

Much like Dave Gerr in his *The Nature of Boats*, Doane is able to make technical detail easy to digest and to apply that technical detail to practical considerations and choices. Although the core of the book (chapters on design, construction, rigging, deck gear and layout, living accommodations, and onboard systems) is what most readers interested in this subject are going to be concentrating on, the issues Doane raises are ones that apply equally to us in the small boat world. His discussion applies equally to small boat sailors and small boats.

The last nearly 100 pages of *The Modern Cruising Sailboat* are reviews of 40 different cruisers the author has experience with. These boats range from 27' to 66'; Doane chose them to cover a variety of boats suitable for varied conditions, including some shoal draft boats, but wanted to avoid what he considered either micro-cruisers or superyachts. Some of the boats chosen are out of production or older, and available at relatively low cost.

*The Modern Cruising Sailboat* is not something every *MAIB* reader needs or wants on their bookshelf, but mine will be there right beside *The Nature of Boats* and Phil Bolger. Whenever I get around to taking that Westlawn Institute course in boat design, this one will get used for more than just daydreaming.



## Come aboard!

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

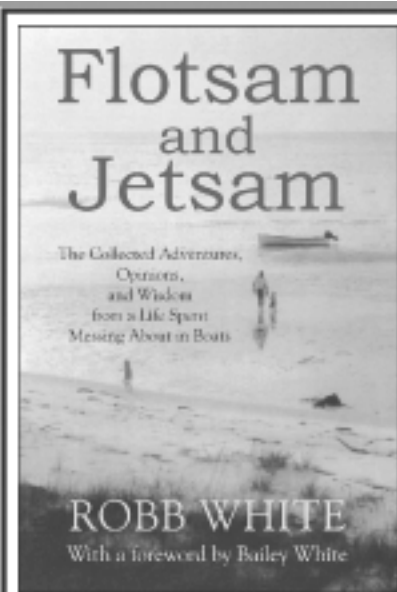
Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

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On a blustery late November weekend, a few dozen trailers carrying long boats with brightly colored, gypsy wagon-like paint jobs, and school buses with far away names, pulled into Hull. The museum floor and local hotels, along with restaurants all along the avenue, were bursting with out-of-towners, 260-plus kids and their self-built wooden boats, along with their families, coaches, teachers, and other supporters, here for the biggest day of the youth rowing year, the Museum's own Icebreaker: Northeast Regional Youth Open Water Rowing Championships.

To start at the beginning... 33 years ago, the museum began to put kids out in Boston Harbor in traditional rowing boats. The idea was that the skills and character traits of the local, 19th century lifesavers were artifacts as compelling as any boat or building or medal or uniform. Back then, the question was not what should we do, but how to go about it? We started coming up with questions, and devising creative responses. How do you acquire the boats? You build them with the kids and adults who are going to row them. How do you access the harbor? You launch from the old Coast Guard boathouse at Windmill Point.

How do you get good at it? You row and row and row. And then, somewhere along the way, you test those newfound skills by matching up with other crews and racing! Back then, there were no open water races, so the museum began to create and host them. Local favorites have included the Row 'Round Hull, Pemberton Sprints, Oarmaster, Ship Channel Sprint, Head of the Weir, Snow Row, and Northeast Youth Open Water Championships ("The Icebreaker"). A good number of these events have come and gone. Some were too hard to run. Some had their time and passed away. Then again, some get bigger and stronger every year.

Twenty-three years ago, we launched a youth event called the Chelsea Creek Icebreaker. The early competitions were between museum crews in Boston and on the South Shore. It was one wild chase race in frigid mid-December, along a mile of Boston's working waterfront. As schools and other museums began to emulate our programs, and the race outgrew the Creek, we moved it off our Boatshop in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Eventually, we changed the format to round robin heats, allowing each crew to row in different boats in each heat. Meanwhile, we shifted from straight line speed races to slalom courses around buoys, upping the skills ante and making for exciting crashes as boats headed for the same turning mark. Spectators began to refer to it as the NASCAR of rowing.

We recognized that all crews are not equal, so we created race categories: First Boat (varsity), Second Boat (JV), and Novices (first-year rowers, broken down into high school and middle school categories). We codified the hull types to make the competition fairer and to assure that no one built a boat whose safety was compromised for speed. Now, the two types of boats raced throughout New England and New York are either 32', six-oared pilot gigs or 24', four-oared Whitehall gigs. In both types, each rower rows with one oar (sweep rowing, as opposed to sculling), and a coxswain steers and directs from the stern.

The Icebreaker culminates with the Ken Donovan Nautical Mile Sprint, named after one of the other major players in the modern era of youth open water racing. This race, run

## Icebreaker

### Northeast Regional Youth Rowing Championships

By Ed McCabe  
Director of Maritime & New Program Development  
Photos Courtesy Corinne Leung



for the seventh time this year, is a fun one. After a day of complex, winding heats where guile often overrides strength, one final flat-out drive for the hoop offers the potential for redemption. In this case, we actually tow all the boats out to the starting line. Were we not to provide a tow, fully half the crews would remain asleep in their buses. The hilarious thing about the tow is that, in most boats, most of the rowers are napping. Once at the starting line, everyone lines up at the same time, the balloon goes up, and everyone flushes through every bit of adrenaline and complex carbohydrate left in their teenage bodies.

If you're a youth rower, you're now rattling downwind with your crewmates one last time. For the seniors aboard, it truly is the last time, and along the way you realize that, despite what your mind told you about being unable to pull an oar ever again, your body has all the necessary juice to go completely nuts, just once more today. It's quite a revelation that you have such deep reserves of energy.

Somewhere in here lies the kernel of truth about those lifesavers who were our progenitors. When they were crashing out through 12' waves to reach a hapless mariner clinging to frozen shrouds, when they were cold and wet and exhausted from a whole day at the end of an oar, when they doubted their ability to push out off the beach again, some power within revealed itself. It might have been humanitarianism, it might have been pride, it might have been competitiveness, and it probably had a lot to do with the bond among their fellow rowers, but when the need arose, if you were a lifesaver you plunked your butt down on the thwart, you

picked up the oar, and you got down to it, just once more, you hoped.

So that's the context of what was happening in town on Saturday. The winds promised to be over 25 knots, altogether impossible to run 19 races from our boathouse at Windmill Point, but here in town we are blessed with a plethora of other options. Thanks to the kindness and incredible generosity of our friends at Steamboat Wharf, we were able to hold the race in the near 360 degree shelter provided by Hampton Circle and Rockaway, which allowed even the youngest, smallest crews to climb upwind to a turning mark in the teeth of nasty fetch and to come roaring home with that same wind, now the crews' best friend.

There were some spectacular tangles at a number of the marks. One of the cool lessons most coxswains learned over the day was to be patient as they moved up the course, and to wait for the other crews to get tangled up with each other around the turning marks, then to slip by on the inside and snatch the lead away from bigger, stronger, albeit less wily crews.

Ideally, a crew can do so at the most-windward mark, where the boat can pick up the magnificent tailwind all the way home. Some pretty compelling stuff came out of the 18 heats, but nothing could match the visual impact and sheer physical effort of the Nautical Mile Sprint. For the finale, the harbor master and three other race committee safety boats hauled 26 boats, 15 Whitehall gigs and 11 Pilot gigs, in long strings, out into the lee of Planter's Hill, the outermost drumlin of World's End. Here the crews woke up, sat up, and prepared to enter the maw one more time.

We had so many boats and so little water left in the falling tide, that we sent off two waves. First, the somewhat smaller fours, and three minutes later, the sixes, whose true nature reveals itself when smoking downwind in a straight line. It was a classic "hare and hounds" scenario, where the seemingly massive pilot gigs chased, often caught up with, and passed through the gaggle of Whitehalls. Picture, if you will, a boatload of middle schoolers, facing aft while pulling madly, watching the inexorable approach of a dozen juggernauts. No motivational prattle from the coxswain is necessary. This is as primal as a gazelle and a cheetah. Cool stuff.

Once or twice in my tenure with this outfit I've felt the Mitchells and the Goulds and the Galianos and Joshua James himself looking over my shoulder as all these kids from Vinalhaven and Lake Champlain and New Haven and New York City, and, of course, from Hull, tread in those very large footprints. I always think they get a chuckle out of the whole undertaking.





# Six Days on the Water

## In New York Harbor in Whitehall Gigs

By Philip Yee

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Photo Credits: Mary Nell Hawk, Philip Yee, Oriana Trindade de Almeida, Tori Gilbert



*Rachel Carson in foreground with, left to right, gigs Magnus, Saint David, and Eight Plus at Pier 40, 2003.*

### Day One

Saturday, 9/4/10, East River, Brooklyn Bridge South St past Horn's Hook to East 96 St: Hurricane Earl passed in the night some 200 miles offshore. The cooler, drier air rushing west to east to fill the vacuum behind Earl produced a west wind at a steady 20mph with gusts up to 30mph. The strategy of East River Crew was to row south using the tall buildings on the east side of Manhattan to mitigate the strength of the wind.

The force of the wind made whitecaps and heavy chop. The row was difficult, as anticipated, until rounding the corner of Corlears Hook, when the boats were met by the full force of the west wind that came across New Jersey and Upper New York Harbor, and funneled up the East River between Brooklyn Heights and Lower Manhattan into the path of least resistance, the shallow canyon of the East River. It was as if they were in irons while bouncing on the water. The last mile took as long as the five miles before Corlears Hook.

A speedy return on September 4, East River near 42nd St; ahead and to port is the United Nations building and past that is the Queensboro Bridge.



The crews were exhausted and needed rest. They choose a spot near South Street Seaport and the Brooklyn Bridge, which was sheltered on three sides, and the remaining side had no wind or current. It was a good spot.

I was a relief rower who met them at South St. During the hour they waited for the tide to turn the wind was starting to abate. After pushing us off, I climbed into the bow oar seat of *Eight Plus*, built by Don Betts with at-risk middle school youth from Intermediate School 89 in Manhattan. *Eight Plus* is painted royal blue with a black stripe beneath the gunwale and varnished wood inside. I felt the steady wind in my face as we rode the current just before rounding Corlears Hook. We cut through the water like a hot knife through butter as our oars hit the water in unison. We made good time passing under the BMW (Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Williamsburg) Bridges while a subway train and numerous cars roared above us. I listened to the roar of tires across the steel protrusions for traction on the bridges' roadways.

Return row on September 4 toward the Manhattan Bridge.



The strongest current on the East River is 5.6 knots according to Eldridge. A portion of the East River is divided by Roosevelt Island and we chose the Eastern Channel. The current was moving so swiftly we decided to rest and just drift. We had the channel to ourselves and noticed the small underwater hydroelectric turbines that were placed there to produce electricity two years ago. It was a quiet side of the river as we reflected and enjoyed a Zen moment.

We rounded the point of Roosevelt Island and pulled real hard several dozen times to dash west across the choppy convergence of the West Channel of the East River alongside Horn's Hook, Manhattan, near Gracie Mansion, New York City's mayors' residence near East 90th St. Northeast past Horn's Hook, the area widens around Mill Rock Island into a slow mixing bowl of current, where water collects before meeting up with the Harlem River then funneling swiftly through Hells Gate on the Queens side and eastward toward Long Island Sound. From Horn's Hook, East River C.R.E.W.'s home at East 96th St is a quick, easy row.

Return row on September 4 past the Manhattan Bridge. Coxswain is Mary Nell Hawk and the gig is *Saint David*.





Phil Yee rows bow on *Eight Plus* past the East 14th St power plant.



The beach under the Brooklyn Bridge, Manhattan side. This is not a boat launch but is OK for occasional or emergency landings. Pier 17, South St Seaport, is in the background.

### Day Two

Sunday, 9/5/10, Community Rowing at Pier 40, Village Community Boathouse on the Hudson River: I took out four first-time rowers, and all four stated they had canoe and kayak experience. *John Magnus* is another gig built by Don Betts with students from Stuyvesant High School in the 1990s. Painted light blue and white, it is named after the youth coxswain who coxed the US gig *American Star* against the British gig *Dart*. This famous race in 1824, documented by John Gardner in *Wooden Boats to Build and Use*, was the Super Bowl of sports in an era before football, baseball, and Nascar.



*Magnus* at Pier 40, West Houston St, Greenwich Village.

My crew was a mother and her daughter, and a father, Bruce Hogan, and his son. They were visitors to the city and knew about free kayaking next door to us, but when they found out about free rowing, they tried it. I asked who had good rhythm to be my stroke oar. Bruce offered that he was from Nashville and offered that his son worked in the music industry but on the business side. The mother and daughter said they were from Garden City, New York, but the mother also had a southern drawl. Many of our first timers who are not brought by friends or co-workers to Community Rowing are typically not raised in New York City.

I selected Bruce as my stroke. Acting as a tour guide I pointed out the Lackawanna terminal across the Hudson in Hoboken, New



The Lackawanna Pier, Hoboken New Jersey, now being renovated, across the Hudson from Pier 40. The Lackawanna is at the south end of Hoboken's new Frank Sinatra Park.

Jersey, which had been the terminus for the Erie Lackawanna Railroad. The terminal had slips ferries on which passenger and freight railroad cars were floated to the New York City side. I envisioned that they could brag that they has seen where their railroad had ended at New York City prior to the opening of the Pennsylvania Railroad's tunnel under the Hudson River to Penn Station, which put an end to ferrying passenger and freight rail cars across the Hudson. After pulling against the current for an hour, we turned around and were back in ten minutes. Bruce was very satisfied with his experience on the Hudson, which he will remember when he kayaks on a lake back home.

### Day Three

Monday, 9/6/10, Hudson River, Village Community Boathouse: We were having a Labor Day BBQ at Pier 40 and invited WeeRow, a Weehawken, New Jersey, based rowing group organized under Floating the Apple (FTA). WeeRow had rowed two-and-a-half miles downriver from Weehawken against a south wind in FTA's first Whitehall gig, *Taxi*. *Taxi*, painted yellow and black after a New York City checker cab, was built by FTA founder Mike Davis and volunteers in a storefront on West 42nd St, closer to Times Square than the almost half-mile to their put-in spot. Mike and the rowers routinely pushed *Taxi* down 42nd St in rush hour

*Taxi* competes in Floating the Apple's American Star Race, 2003 at Pier 40 (see the article in *MAIB* 2004).



traffic on a specially built dolly to go rowing. I could hardly contain myself as *Taxi* came into the Pier 40 cove. I rowed port side oar, the heavy wooden oars that once accompanied *Taxi* years ago had been replaced by graphite oars. It was a short row and I was very pleased that WeeRow had taken care of *Taxi*, which is coming up on 20 years old!

#### Day Four

Tuesday 9/7/10, East River C.R.E.W., East 96th St: Back to East River C.R.E.W. (Community Recreation & Education on the Water) at East 96th St, this time using Community Rowing's *Saint David*, a boat built by Charlie Duveen, Tori Gilbert, and students from Saint David's School, K-8, under periodic supervision of Don Betts. The boat was painted red and black, the colors of the school, with the emblem of the school on the bow deck. We lowered the boat with a hand-cranked davit winch, and climbed down a flexible wooden rope ladder. As we cast off I looked over toward Mill Rock a quarter mile away and Hell Gate in the distance. I was thinking how strange it was that the East and Harlem Rivers, which run along Manhattan's east side, actually flow in opposite directions. The half-moon cove off East River C.R.E.W.'s launch point usually runs less than a knot! The cove is protected from west and north winds by the tall buildings recessed behind the cove making it a great place to initiate new rowers.



Affectionately known as the "mixing bowl" or "East 96th St Cove," by East River C.R.E.W., this non-hellish area of calm current on the Manhattan side is sometimes confused with the notorious Hell Gate. Community rowers are, left to right, Mary Nell Hawk, boat builder Paul Tropea, and rower Ann Eggers.

I rowed stroke oar and we rowed first towards Mill Rock, an island reduced when the treacherous Hell Gate waters were tamed by dynamite. Mill Rock is a bird sanctuary and we watched the water birds come out and investigate us as much as we investigated them. We rounded the south side of Mill Rock and then pulled up the East River towards Long Island Sound but we didn't want to go with the current to the Triborough (RFK) Bridge, so we backtracked and headed up the Harlem River.

The 106th St pier was teeming with older teens, young adult fishermen, and their buddies who ran up to the end to get a good look at us. Instead of asking who we were, or how they could get to row, they yelled at us to "row, row, row," as if the louder the encouragement the faster we would row. There are seldom boats on this part of the Harlem River, so we are a big deal. We rowed a mile plus before turning back as the sun was set-



Community rowing with Mill Rock Island to starboard, Sharon Jones coxswain. Background is the 103rd St footbridge to Wards Island.

ting on this second crew outing in the gig *Saint David*.



Community rowing 2010 with East River C.R.E.W. The father and son with cycling helmets may be practicing for future triathalons!



"Ready to Row!" Proud grandparents at East 96th St.

#### Day Five

Wednesday, 9/8/10, Stuyvesant High School, Village Community Boathouse: This week, during my weekly volunteering with Stuyvesant High School Rowing Club, I was a passenger in *Notorious G.I.G.* built by Stuyvesant students and community boat builders under the supervision of Rob Buchanan who carries on for Don Betts in New York City. *G.I.G.* is finished with varnished wood, and the rest of the crew was a mixture of male and female, seniors and juniors. The wind was blowing out of the west about 15 knots. The three-story structure of Pier 40 provided some wind blockage in the corner of a cove.

It was a tough decision to let two boats on the water at all, with the wind, but this is a seasoned group of returnees. First I considered wave surfing the boats where we would row westward into the wind in the slack current conditions and turn and ride waves, created by boats going by, back into the cove. Five of the students, who had been selected to the 17-member Atlantic Challenge team over the summer, wanted to leave the cove to show their mettle. But, discretion being the better part of valor, I just kept the students rowing in the cove. A few times around and it was over. No issues, it was a good row.

#### Day Six

Thursday, 9/9/10, College Rowing, Village Community Boathouse: I took out five Borough of Manhattan Community College (BMCC) students from the BMCC Rowing Club. The rowing club was founded by two grads from City as School and the New York Harbor School High Schools who were in youth programs hosted by Floating the Apple, and had raced against each other as youths. The boat, *Rachael Carson*, is named after the mother of the environmental movement, and her likeness is stenciled on the bow deck. Painted green and white with a center-board for sailing.

*Rachael Carson* was built by Brendan Malone with Mickey Mantle Middle School students. Brendan was the common nexus with most youth activity in New York City for Floating the Apple. He graduated from the Sound School in New Haven, Connecticut, and his alma mater now joins in most of the New York City youth races. Brendan is now a teacher at New York Harbor School, recently relocated from Bushwick, Brooklyn, to Governors Island. The wind was out of the northwest at about 10mph.

The crew, all products of the NYC public schools, consisted of four young women, all first timers on a human powered boat. I placed the most experienced in the bow, and my strategy was to row clockwise in the Pier 40 cove. The ebb current under the pier pulled us away from the pier. "Lean forward, extend your arms, dip your oar into the water and pull," I shouted as the crew tried to get down their strokes. "Don't pull the oar horizontally across your body, keep the collar on the thole pin pad," I cried. After a while they got their strokes down and then I asked them to row in unison. They practiced until, sud-



denly, they were a unit, I was so thrilled. We were ready for the main part of the river and left the cove for a short trip to the other side of the pier. When we returned they were on an emotional high as if they won the Super Bowl, for what they accomplished together. They will be back, as will I.

When I was growing up in New York City, the water was polluted, and unsavory things were going on in abandoned piers. My parents, like other parents, forbade us from even going to the water, never mind on it. Pioneers like Mike Davis, Don Betts, and Ed McCabe made something possible that would have been impossible for me: getting on the water in six different boats, on six consecutive days, with three different Whitehall gig public access organizations, rowing with over 25 different people, and having fun messing about in boats.

Teacher and boat builder Brendan Malone and students launch *Rachel Carson*, Pier 40, West Houston St, Greenwich Village.



## At the Bridge

Reprinted from *The Model Yacht, Journal of the U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group*.

This painting was done by the Swedish landscape painter, John Tiren in 1895.

It is set on Lake Orsa, which lies to the northwest of Stockholm.





It was early December in our small town of Niantic, Connecticut. The majority of boats in our community were either tented beneath shrink wrap or had been trailered wherever their owners could find a suitable place for them to hibernate. RJ and I had risen early and had decided to take this opportunity to sail. Winds were between 10 and 15 knots, and within the hour the tide would be ebbing. This meant perfect conditions to pass beneath the infamous highway and railroad bridges and through the cut where the Niantic River meets the Niantic Bay.

I stood in the driveway with our two life jackets, wooden varnished oars and our lunch as RJ unlocked his Saturn wagon for me to load our supplies. I giggled. "What is it, Harner?" RJ asked, his breath visibly sliding out of his mouth towards me.

"Only us, Burns, only us."

"Oh, the fact that it's December, we can see our breath and we're like, 'Let's go sailing!'"

"Yes, Burns." We continued to banter and laugh back and forth while driving to the marina where we kept our dinghy locked up. Once we arrived, there was never much discussion about how to go about getting the dinghy from its position, leaning and locked against the wooden shed, to putting it in the water, loading it and rowing out to our mooring. RJ and I would somehow just do it. I looked around the marina noticing the light dusting of snow and then stepped into the dinghy.

"I sure hope the outboard isn't frozen." RJ mentions as he rowed in between the alleyway of docks. I don't think that he was looking for a response, but...

"Well, it is a sailboat. We could just tool up and down the river."

"Ohhh, we need to go out. I mean you're wearing three layers, Harner." Yes he was right, I was: thermals, jeans, and foul weather pants on the bottom; thermals, long-sleeved T-shirt, and sweatshirt in the middle; and my wool hat, sweatshirt hood, and foul weather jacket hood on top. I was definitely layered up, and when we began to unload the dinghy, I was sweating like crazy. I felt like a little kid all bundled up and ready to play in the snow. All I could think was that I was sure glad that I had taken care of my "business" before we left.

Our 18' Marshall catboat, *Kenavo's*, silhouette looked so inviting outlined with the cool brisk air and the rolling texture of trees and hillsides of Waterford on the opposite

## Three Layers and Three Reefs

### Remembering December 2007

By Jennifer Harner

side of the river. I remember feeling inspired and so blessed to have a man in my life who loved to venture out of doors on days such as this. I had always been the outdoorsy type. I had grown up camping, hiking, horseback riding, swimming, fishing, biking, and running with my family. Later in life when I moved up to the New England coast, I began to explore other more ocean oriented activities like sailing and surfing. Some of this was due to my own exploratory nature, but a part of it has also been due to RJ.

As RJ started up the outboard, and I removed the sail cover; I realized how if it were not for him and his willingness to venture out in *Kenavo* today I might not be doing this. My initial introduction to sailing was as a first year student at the International Yacht Restoration School on the day that as first year students we launched the Beetle Cats that we had been restoring. RJ had the boat-handling skills and experience where I was just beginning to develop mine.

He and I earlier in the summer of 2007 had spent two weeks cruising on a 30' Atkins gaff-rigged cutter. He had helped a friend of ours deliver it from Mystic, Connecticut, to Brooklin, Maine, and as payment we were able to utilize the boat for two weeks with the caveat of having it in Georgetown, Maine, by a certain date. Those two weeks with Burns on the Maine coast were very eye opening for me. I realized that I could handle living on a boat with him. The two of us could figure out how to navigate in the fog. Yes, I could make pancakes on an alcohol stove after several attempts. But mostly it demonstrated to me how this would be a very satisfying way to explore other places with someone, that someone being RJ. After this trip I knew that if I could do this just by jumping in with very little experience that once I started gaining more experience, my confidence would start to build along with my skills.

"What do you think, Harner?" RJ shaking me out of my reverie of gratitude, "Should we put some reefs in?" It always makes me

laugh when he asks me this because I typically suggest one more reef than he would like to put in. I tend to be more conservative.

"Burns, why are you asking me?"

"Because it's your decision, too."

I will say this, RJ, even from the beginning of our relationship and into this world of boating, has always included me in the decision making process. It has done wonders for my confidence, but it has also made me feel respected and a part of our boat-handling team.

"Three," I say confidently watching how some of the flags along the river are beginning to stiffen and the smoke on Millstone's stack has flattened out rather than puffing upward.

"I'd rather do two, but it is easier to shake one out than put one in when you need it." RJ raises the sail partially, I begin to tie in the first reef on the starboard, RJ the second on the port and then the two of us with finishing up the third reef on starboard. By alternating the reef points on starboard and port, it helps us keep from confusing all the ties when it comes time to shake out a reef.

RJ lowers the remaining sail. I put two sail ties around the bundle so that RJ can see while making our way towards the cut. Both bridges are raised, we radio to confirm we're heading out, I cast off our mooring pennant, and our timing is beautiful.

"Nice job Burns." Since our initial meeting at a boat builder's in Mystic, RJ and I have referred to one another by our last names. I had started it as a joke, but we've both continued it. Some of our family members have joined in as well. I can see him breathing a sigh of relief now that we have made it through the bridges and the cut. This cut is tricky because the current flowing between the Niantic Bay and the Niantic River creates several small whirlpools and in some cases standing waves which can cause a boat to be pulled or pushed sideways through the bridges. This, of course, is dependent upon the tide and is why the ebb tide is ideal because we'll have more control of steerage rather than the current controlling us. Throw in a couple of other boats waiting in line behind or on the southern side of the bridges, and chaos can possibly ensue. I glance back towards the river as the bridges close and see that there are only two other boats moored. There's usually a yellow hulled sloop further up, but he's no longer there. I envision that perhaps he too has ventured out.

"Ready, Harner?"

"Yep." RJ brings us into the wind, and I raise the sail.

"Okay Harner, she's all yours." RJ hands the tiller over to me.

"Got it!" I say confidently, but on the inside I'm nervous. *Kenavo's* heeling over, the sail area is smaller than what I am used to, and what looked like calm seas has turned to chop. All of the "what ifs" begin to pile up in my head; "What if I lose control and crash into Wigwam Rock?" "What if RJ falls overboard?" "What if..."

"Harner," RJ calls out. "Relax!"

I thought I sounded so confident, but RJ knows me well enough to read my body language. Sure enough my shoulders are next to my ears, and I'm white knuckling the tiller. Although, I'm not that difficult to read because I've never really been able to hide how I am feeling.

"Breathe, Harner. You're fine." He reassures me, and I begin to at least start to breathe. "What's the worst that can happen," he rhetorically asks.

I don't have to answer because he knows that I have already been thinking about the worst case scenarios.

"Remember, we have life jackets and can both swim," he chuckles.

"Funnny, Burns." I try to sound defensive but also laugh and realize that, yes, I have started to relax. Leave it to Burns to enable me to make light of things and move forward.

"Tacking," I call out moving from port to starboard tack. RJ brings in the slack from the sheet, I turn the bow through the wind, and he gently lets the sheet out. We're sailing!!! It's overcast with a hint of sunlight, the tiller has hit its sweet spot where it begins to gently vibrate, and I am in love. "Mmm..."

"I'm hungry." RJ announces and crawls below to get some sandwiches and pop that I had packed. The wind has slowly picked up a few more knots and Niantic Bay's chop has increased. In the distance I spot what looks like the yellow hulled sloop with sails up.

"Burns," RJ comes up with our lunch. "I think that's our friend from the river."

"You've gotta love that! I mean it's just above freezing, the wind's picking up, and this guy's out in it with sails up."

"Kind of like us." I smile and lean up against RJ's shoulder.

"You were right, Harner."

"About what?"

"The reefs." He puts his arm around me and squeezes. We both smile, laugh and then continue to eat our sandwiches. I take a few more swigs of my pop and just enjoy this moment; the raw feel to the air, the wind in our sail, the occasional sprinkles of spray on our faces, the leafless trees swaying on McCook's Point, RJ near by, all of it...

"Great," I interrupt my own thoughts.

"What?"

"I have to pee."

"Oh, I see. Now that it's getting a little rough you want..."

"Burns!"

"...me to take over." RJ starts to take his gloved hand and push on my stomach.

"Burns, I..."

"So you don't want me doing this, hmm?" He is laughing trying to make me do the same. By this point, I really am having a difficult time holding it.

"Jen, I've got it." RJ smiles and pats me on the back as I bend down to go below. Now catboats are not known for their standing head room. Even for someone like me who just stands slightly over 5'. I open up the lid to the port-a-potty and have the sudden realization that I'm probably going to shower my legs and the sole because we are heeling so far to starboard and have a ton of unexpected bumps due to the inconsistent chop. I decided to get the plastic five-gallon bucket. At least I'd be less likely to leave my mark in fewer places.

I had opened the companionway hatch, but had closed the louvered doors so as to have some privacy. RJ and I knew each other quite well, but there is just something not too appealing about having your significant other witness this sort of activity, especially under way and with unpredictable chop. So I began to unlayer, hoping to do so in time.

First I started with the foul weather jacket and tossed it on the bunk. Next the sweatshirt, also tossed on the bunk. Now I could access the straps holding up my foul weather pants. I unsnapped the pants, slid the straps off my shoulders and pushed the pants down to my ankles. I did the same thing with my jeans, thermals, and my underwear. Then I proceeded to place the five-gallon bucket between my bare thighs, upon the stack of layers around my ankles and wedged it into place. I couldn't help but start to laugh. I must look and yes felt extremely ridiculous. I was in a sort of crouching stance, bucket wedged just so in order to relax enough to let out what needed to come. Just when I was envisioning having others see me like this, the wind shifted abruptly. RJ had to jibe, and well, I ended up bare bottom over bucket with the multiple layers around my ankles over my head. Thank goodness I hadn't done any of my business yet.

Yes, I was rather ridiculous. I was laughing uncontrollably and as I righted myself and re situated, I poked my head out the companionway. RJ was beet-red, laughing so hard he had tears in his eyes and was standing up at the tiller.

"You all right Harner?" RJ managed to ask between laughs.

"I got it. I got it," still laughing and trying to still balance myself with the bucket between my legs. It dawned on me that my man had been witness to what one would hope no one would.

"That shouldn't happen again. I've got us set on another course," RJ still letting out his belly laughs, and how could he not. I was still laughing, too. I managed to get the bucket back in position, take in a deep breath in between laughs and embarrassment, and as I let it out... You get the idea.

I pulled up my layers from around my ankles, snapped the foulies, pulled on the shoulder straps and got back into my remaining layers. I opened up the companionway doors with bucket in hand and emptied it out

on the leeward side of course. I then rinsed it out and announced, "That's better."

"That's good!"

RJ and I sailed a little bit longer, but over the course of our last hour of sailing the wind had clocked around to the south southwest and picked up (we found out later) to 30 knots with higher gusts. We turned *Kenavo* towards home and were sailing downwind with a following sea. As many sailboat owners will attest, this is when sailing becomes rather dicey. With our catboat these are the conditions where we have to play a balancing game to prevent jibing or having the bow take a nose dive. RJ was at the helm, and I was readying the boathook, fenders if need be and sail ties for dropping the sail. We approached just outside the channel, RJ brought *Kenavo* into the wind, and I dropped the sail. As I loosely furled the sail up for RJ to see, he started up the outboard. We radioed the bridges and again our timing worked out. We approached and both bridges began to open. I looked over at RJ, touched his hand on the tiller and walked forward to get the boathook.

We both said very little as he slowly approached the mooring, and I plucked up its pennant with the boathook. I went below to get our gear and sail cover while RJ pulled the dinghy alongside readying it for loading. We both went through our routines as if we had been doing them for years when in reality it had just been a little over one. This felt good! It felt really good! Even to have a witness to an embarrassing moment. It was a moment nonetheless. I knew that RJ and I would be witness to other moments embarrassing or not.

RJ and I loaded ourselves and our gear into the dinghy and as customary, RJ rowed us around *Kenavo* for a final look before leaving.

"She's a good looking boat." RJ said admiring *Kenavo*.

"She is," I agreed.

"What do you think, Harner, same time next week?"

"Sure," I said knowing that it would be another December day, which would require three layers and perhaps three reefs.

The following week RJ and I rowed out to *Kenavo*. She looked just as inviting as ever. The air was raw, our breath visible, and this would be our last sail of the season. The breeze was light and perfect. We were ready for our final sail, but the frozen outboard wouldn't start.

(Jennifer Harner and her fiancé, RJ Burns, reside in Niantic, Connecticut. In January 2009 they made the leap from the 18' Marshall Catboat to buying a Westsail 32'. Currently *SUMNA* is on the hard where Harner and Burns have been overhauling the boat in its entirety. They hope to sail up to Newfoundland and Labrador.)





# Wrecked on the Hard

By Martin Sokolinsky  
(Brooklyn, NY)

I definitely couldn't afford to be late for my haul out. I had postponed putting my Skipper 20 on the hard until the very end of the season, the day before Thanksgiving. It was, in fact, the last day to be hauled. To boot, the marina's owner warned that if I missed my appointment, there was a \$50 late fee.

Basically, my problem was the expense of keeping my boat on the hard at a marina. One friend suggested that I shouldn't haul out and just keep my Skipper 20 in the water, saving \$200. About ten boats were over-wintering in their slips. But a \$200 discount on the price of storage wasn't worth all that worry about lines parting or ice damage around the waterline.

It was a sunny morning. The 9-10 knot wind out of the SW meant that I could make it, even if ethanol gummed up my fuel lines. Happily, the Mercury 4hp started up perfectly that day, so no sails would be necessary. I could even row the quarter-mile to the haul out if I had to. Checking my watch, I saw that I had just half an hour. No time for that one last sail, not even the furling Genoa jib.

I'd stopped at the bank to get a few crisp new \$5 and \$10 bills for the three men in the yard crew, of course, provided they took good care of my boat. I had been tipping these men throughout my eight seasons at the marina, despite the fact they called me "Pop." They were right, I am getting on in years. What they didn't realize was that "Pop" had to dip into his savings to pay for storing this micro-cruiser, a mere 15' on the waterline. One seaman called it "an old man's boat" because it was so under-canvased.

I got underway, docking lines at the ready, fenders out on both sides, wishing I had a friend along because I dreaded any mishap on the last day of the season. My fears were unfounded as the 15-minute trip around the marina seawall went without a hitch. I would pull in right on time. But on approaching the haul out well, I was surprised to see a 25' cabin cruiser made fast at the standby dock. He was getting hauled out ahead of me. But it was too nice a day for an argument. After all, I'm "Pop," the retired one with all that time on my hands. So what was my big rush? There were empty slips galore just across the way, so I swung the bow around in a 180° turn. After a few seconds in forward, I shifted into neutral and let the SW breeze bring the *Kitty S.* to rest against the lee dock.

Relieved to be in this snug berth, I gave the motorboat owner a friendly wave, which he returned. I felt good. I was bringing the little boat in single-handed and in a seaman-like way. Sure, I'd wait another 15 minutes or so while the yard crew hauled him out. I thought of having some lunch while waiting. I had brought a couple of sandwiches from home. Maybe I would light my one-burner alcohol stove and make tea or something. But just then one of the yard crew waved to the cabin cruiser and the owner started up his motor. No time for unwrapping a sandwich or lighting my stove. Instead I readied the boat to move over to the standby dock.

As soon as the cabin cruiser entered the well, I backed out of my temporary slip and drifted across the 50' with my motor in neutral. Making my boat fast there, I exchanged



a few pleasantries with the fellow who had bucked the line. As I said, it was an awfully nice day and things had gone well with my engine. I even offered one of my sandwiches to this powerboat guy. But after a lengthy call on his cell phone, he declined. At last they were hoisting him out of the water. My turn had come.

The workmen would now start pulling the *Kitty S.*, grappling her by the shrouds with their long boathooks. But I was there ahead of them, using my muscles and a large fender to pivot her around a piling. With the wind from astern, she drifted right into the well. The yard hands then engaged in a lot of shilly-shallying. Mostly, it had to do with where to position the 18" canvas straps under the boat. I had forgotten to mark the spots on my gunwale with painter's tape. But these men, whose business it was to remember the shape of customers' keels, did seem to be having a bad day. The yard foreman even asked in earnest, "Say, Pop, is her centerboard pulled up?"

"There's no centerboard, Chuck," I said, mustering my patience. "It's a keel boat." Finally, the overhead hoist whirled as they started lifting my Skipper 20 out of the water. Uh-oh. They had placed the forward strap way too far aft. After some more squabbling, they let her back down into the water and used their boathook to move the strap just forward of the keel. The operator raised the *Kitty S.* again and, when she was up in the air, moved her away from the well. The travel lift then took my boat about 20 paces farther into the yard for pressure washing.

I'd heard that this procedure, when applied too zealously, could actually damage the gel coat below the waterline. So I took the older workman aside and asked him to transmit my concern, which he promptly did. Then, despite my hearing loss, I distinctly heard the pressure washer say, "If you don't like the way I'm doing it, do it yourself!" The retort astonished me, as this young fellow had always seemed even-tempered. I must say that at least he had addressed this tantrum to his co-worker and not me. Then Mr Grouch resumed blasting off the last patch of seaweed and, climbing back up to his seat, started the engine of the travel lift.

I had begun walking on ahead of the lift when I heard a terrific BANG! Car crashes don't happen inside the yard. When I spun around what I saw was clearly not a sight for the faint of heart. My Skipper 20, weighing more than a ton, had plummeted from its sling and plunged bow first onto the concrete pavement. Hanging down at a 45° angle, she had been violently dismantled the instant her stubby bowsprit snapped.

Approaching the wrecked *Kitty S.*, I told myself, "No problem, these knuckleheads have made my day." In that one split second they had done what my accountant had been urging me to do for the past two years. Their bickering and bungling had relieved me, a senior citizen living on a fixed income, of the burden involved in owning a Skipper 20. I didn't need to worry about paying for summer and winter storage at \$75 a foot. I no longer had a boat.

The aft strap, caught on the outboard motor, still held the stern aloft. But this frightful stress had twisted the prop, so the entire shaft might be sprung. Going around to the starboard side, I saw fiberglass bulging out of a shattered 18" area of the forefoot, like the cotton stuffing in a ripped leather armchair.

A strange hush fell over the yard. Then the travel lift operator, visibly shaken, came over. "Honest, I didn't do anything. It just slipped out of the strap. And now they're going to fire me for this." But I couldn't feel anything just then, neither anger, nor sympathy. I'm on Social Security and paying close to \$3,000 a year because it's supposed to be fun at this place.

"It was an accident," I replied, trying to smile. "It's just lucky nobody got hurt."

Next, the yard foreman told the lift operator to bring the boat down to the horizontal. With all of us holding the gunwales, steadying her as she settled on the ground, I felt and saw the boat's side flex ominously.

"That's a light boat," the foreman said to the men. "You guys are supposed to tie the forward strap back to the after one." Good thinking, Chuck, I wanted to say. Too bad you didn't think of that 20 minutes ago before they dropped my damn boat.

The men then shifted the *Kitty S.* to the yard, gently placing her on her own cradle, a

cut-down trailer. These fellows moved the boat carefully as though pretending that nothing out of the ordinary had happened, as though she was still worth storing. The operator again told me how sorry he was. I accepted his apology but simply refrained from distributing tips. By then I'd spotted the crack in her cabin side, one that extended clear across her coach roof and side deck. Looking down through the companionway hatch, I could see daylight at the bottom of the locker in the V-berth. And the metal compression post wasn't just bent, it resembled a letter Z. I couldn't see under the hull liner, of course, but it seemed possible that the whole bow might be compromised. I could just see myself out in the ocean and her forward end breaks off. If I ever sailed her again more than a couple of miles, I'd need to buy a life raft and one of those emergency rescue beacons.

I politely asked the marina-owner for my storage money back.

"Out of the question," he replied, pointing to the hulk. "I'm keeping to my bargain. Your boat is being stored in my yard."

The surveyor met me in the yard the next day and told me that the insurance company would declare the *Kitty S*. "a constructive total loss." That is, the expense in restoring the vessel exceeded its agreed, pre-accident value. But, he added, it was possible the shattered forefoot could be repaired. Only that would take a professional glass guy and he'd probably ask \$2,000. The cracks we found above the waterline might run me another \$1,500. Of course, there was the teak bowsprit, \$500 more.

Well, if this were the best the yard could do, then I would darn well dispute the credit-card charge. I sure wasn't paying them for dropping me on the hard. But somehow the idea that the lift operator had done me a favor vanished! Despite the accountant's dire predictions and urgings from my family, I already felt lost without this miniature Colin Archer lifeboat. I still needed to dream about the long ocean voyages that "we" would make together. Though I was nearing 80, I couldn't do without my Skipper 20, at least, not quite yet.



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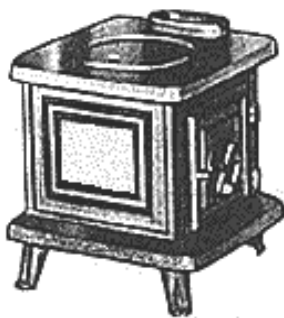


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When I was five years old my father and I went to visit G. Frank Carter, the well-known boat builder, in his boat shop on a marshy creek running up into the village of East Quogue, Long Island. I don't remember much about that day except that Uncle Frank's workplace smelled great (Proust can have his madeleines, I'll take fresh cedar shavings and marine varnish any day), and we could see water through his floorboards. Then there was a Sinclair Oil sign with a big green dinosaur on it that I really liked a lot. Even then it was clear to me that Uncle Frank had a situation and a way of life to be envied. I could tell that my father held Uncle Frank in something like awe, and it was impressed on my young mind that the boats there were something very special.

He was "Uncle," by the way, because just about all male members of our family were called "Uncle" this or "Uncle" that. My grandmother and her sister Minerva, for example, used to call their brother "Uncle Willy" and he was just plain "Uncle" to everybody else. We had plenty of "Aunts," too. Uncle Frank was, in fact, my grandmother's first cousin and he was known far and wide for the beautiful catboats he produced year after year.

Decades after this early visit, shortly after my return from Viet Nam, I took my new fiancé on a nostalgic tour of my childhood haunts around the shores of Shinnecock Bay. Driving through East Quogue on the Montauk Highway, I happened to look off to my right up a narrow creek, and there was Uncle Frank's boat shop still there and still in business. A sign along the highway advertised, as it had for well over a half-century, "Sailboats for Rent." The whole scene, the ramshackle sheds on pilings, the graceful boats from another era, the lazy creek with its cattails and nattering mallards, seemed a dreamlike vision from another time.

G. Frank, of course, was long gone, having been at least 80 on my previous visit. The current proprietor was aged about right to be a grandson or a nephew. Having said I wanted to rent a sailboat, I was subjected to the rigorous examination all would-be charterers must face, "Well, fella, know how to sail?"

"Yup," was the right answer, and I had qualified. "Take this one," he said. It seemed incredible that I could so casually get my hands on a craft that would more fittingly be on display at the Smithsonian. But actually, it wasn't quite that easy. "This one" turned out to be not one of G. Frank's white and buff swans but a slightly ugly duckling of turquoise hue which I was somewhat aggressively informed was "of my own build." It was becoming clear that this latter-day Carter chafed at living in the shadow of his illustrious ancestor and longed to be recognized for creations of his own.

The turquoise colored number "of my own build" was an OK boat, just a bit crude in relation to the real thing. The joinery was not nearly as good, and the lines, while pleasing, lacked the magical perfection for which G. Frank was known. The color well, let's just say that it lacked gravitas. She sailed well enough though, and my fiancé and I had a fine day aboard, scudding over the shallow flats, stopping for swims and a picnic.

We got as far as the Ponquogue Bridge in Hampton Bay and then returned to East Quogue in the late afternoon. Going back we sailed close to the south shore and got a good look at the Caffrey House where my grand-

## What Grandma Told Me About Catboats

By W.R. Cheney

mother and her brothers and sisters grew up. The familiar complex stood back from the bay on a low bluff, partly hidden by a row of ancient cedar trees. It looked pretty much unchanged from the way it was during my childhood, unchanged even from when my grandmother was a girl.

My grandmother was born Florence Caffrey on September 19, 1883. She grew up on that neck of Shinnecock Bay known as Tiana Bay in the heyday of the catboat. Across the bay to the east was an area known as the Ram Pasture, and beyond that the now demolished Shinnecock Light.

Grandma had a lot of things to tell me about catboats and other subjects we don't hear so much about today. I remember fascinating excursions we would make into the countryside. One favorite was along the then still extant five-mile path through pine and oak woods she had taken to and from school as a girl. Grandma could name every plant and tree along the way and tell me what they were good for. She could point to where 100-year-old wells lay hidden under the blueberry bushes and tell how they had been made by sinking oak barrels into the low, sandy soil. She knew all the insects, beneficial and otherwise, and could tell me what kind of wild ducks and shorebirds were flying when, to me, they were only dark specks in the sky. She could also point out what was wrong when some summer person was making a bad job of sailing along in the bay.

My grandmother's parents, Emmaline (nee Squires) and John Caffrey ran the Caffrey House, a large boarding establishment that took in summer guests from New York City. It was very much a family business and my grandmother, her sisters Minerva and Mary and her brothers Frank and Willy all worked long hours along with their parents.

The Caffrey House and several other large shingled or clapboard frame structures dotted this part of the Shinnecock Shore. There were several imposing private houses along with the Pine Grove House run by Aunt Alice who represented another branch of the family. Most of these buildings sat back from crumbling sand banks which led down to the shore below where graceful open catboats rode on their moorings or lay alongside the long wooden docks which extended out as much as 50 or 60 yards into the shallow bay.

Guests at the Caffrey House were mostly couples and families. The women and children tended to stay for long periods of time while the husbands worked in the city during the week and came out to enjoy the shore on weekends. The same people returned year after year. In many cases they considered themselves and were considered as something like family. But if there was affection or even love between the family and some of the guests it was never unmixed with a certain amused condescension also.

Men from the city were sadly inept at the manly arts of hunting, sailing, and fishing and the women were delicate creatures who didn't understand real work. Not for them were the 14-hour days in the cook shed or laundry room where our own womenfolk seemed to derive a kind of cheerful rectitude.

A man could be a successful doctor or lawyer, but if he couldn't tie a bowline or knock down a fast flying Sheldrake, there was something childlike and helpless about him, not fully deserving of respect.

Cooking at the Caffrey house was done in a long, narrow, low ceilinged shed that featured a number of zinc lined sinks on one side and four giant coal and wood burning stoves along the other. On hot August afternoons with all four stoves roaring, cooks and waitresses in a manic dance, dishes, pans, and screen doors slamming and clanging, that cook shed was quite a place. Outside the shed there was a wood plank walkway leading to the coal bins. One afternoon when I was ten years old my father showed me his name written on one of those planks with nails. He said he had written it there when he himself was ten.

Near the cook shed was the root cellar, which had a wonderful dank smell so pungent that it stung my young nose. There were various kinds of tubers in there but I remember mostly sweet potatoes, along with dairy products and eggs. Back a ways from the waterfront and the main buildings was an extensive garden, which produced corn, potatoes, cucumbers, squash, and fresh greens. Beside the garden was a pair of chicken houses which supplied Sunday dinner, a big event on the weekly calendar. The bay provided fresh fish, fluke and flounder mostly, along with hard shell clams and blue claw crabs. Clam fritters were a famous specialty of the house.

The main building, which contained more kitchen space, the dining room, a "lounge," and living quarters for the family, had previously been located across the bay on the dunes where the Shinnecock Inlet now runs in and out (before a storm broke through the dunes to create the inlet, the bay had been a brackish landlocked lake with a totally different ecology than it has now). The house had been the US Lifesaving Station for that part of the coast, and great-grandfather Caffrey had been Chief of Station, responsible for launching lifeboats into the stormy Atlantic to save shipwreck victims. When the Service was shut down, he loaded the building onto a barge and sailed it across the bay to where it became the Caffrey House.

Assisting in this mind-boggling adventure was his brother-in-law, Fred Squires, a quintessential bayman and famous duck hunting guide of those times. Fred was the grandson of Ellis Squires, my great, great, great grandfather who, with his father, mother, two brothers, and seven sisters, sailed an open "ship's yawl boat" from Machais, Maine, to Goose Creek near the head of Peconic Bay in 1773, thus establishing the family on these more temperate and accommodating shores. It must have been a pleasant change from the harsher clime of eastern Maine, but this new paradise had its drawbacks. Wildfowl were so abundant then that people living near the shores of Shinnecock and Peconic Bays were kept awake nights by the loud honking and cries of geese and brant.

When Fred Squires died in 1956 he was out clamming on a chill November day at the tender age of 94. My father and Uncle Joe found him drifting in open water still clutching the inner tube which held a hard earned bushel basket full of little necks and cherrystones. Fred left an estate worth \$250,000 in 1956 dollars, not counting his waterfront home and land which, by the 1960s were



worth several hundred thousand more, so you have to figure he dredged up a lot of clams and scallops in his day. It's interesting to note that never in the course of a very long and successful career, did Fred ever get as far away as New York City, a mere 90 miles from home.

As a teenager, I tried commercial clamming myself for a few summers and was dismayed to find that success had a great deal more to do with skill and experience than youth and vigor. One day when I was 15, my father, who was then in his 40s, Uncle Willy in his 60s, and Fred who was over 90, all went out together. Well, you guessed it, Uncle Fred who by that time had gone from being a normal sized man to a tiny, bent, gnome-like creature, came in way ahead as to number of clams dug. Willy was second, my father third, and I, exhausted and blistered, a distant last.

My commercial clamming was carried out, if not from a classic Shinnecock Bay catboat, at least from a cat-rigged boat which I felt was traditional and proper. When the bayman of old hunted, fished, scalloped, crabbed, or clammed, he did so from a catboat. With the advent of the outboard this sadly changed. Large flat-bottomed skiffs became the workboats of a new generation. But even in the late 1950s old timers could still be seen working out of outboard catboats. One or two retained mast and sails to save a little gas on the way home, or perhaps even to garner a little surreptitious pleasure from sailing.

My boat, the *Hasty Heart*, was a 9' sailing dinghy with an 18' mast, spreading an impressive sail area for her size. She was quite fast and truly exciting to sail. Formed out of two layers of molded mahogany plywood and finished bright, she was an attractive and able little craft, but, perhaps due to her shape and color, bore an unfortunate resemblance to her brand-name which was "Kidney Boat." My bayman relatives thought this was hilarious and never let me forget my boat's association with the urinary system.

Guests at the Caffrey House, for the most part, were lodged in the "Annex," a massive two story plus attic affair with a rocker lined porch overlooking the bay. Accommodations were Spartan by today's standards. There was an iron bedstead in each room and a washstand bearing a large porcelain bowl and a pitcher kept full of cold water. Lighting was by kerosene lamp. I was going to say there was a communal bathroom down the hall but, on reflection, I'm not sure there was. Certainly there was no electricity and no hot water. One thing I do remember was a functioning four-holer out by the chicken houses.

The "Annex," massive structure that it was, had been built single-handed by an Uncle Roger or Uncle Rogers, I'm not sure which, a feat which won him universal acclaim. Even in those days when they were so much better at handling heavy objects by simple means (think of boatyards before the advent of the travellift and projects like getting the rambling old Caffrey House on and off a barge and up over the bluff behind which it now stands), feats like raising the ridge pole on a huge barn-like structure by one's self must have been, well, daunting.

On clear summer days the boarders were issued box lunches and in the late morning would stroll down to the dock where two or three open catboats waited. The men in their straw boaters and the women in their

long skirts, white blouses and large hats must have made quite an elegant assemblage. The boats would take their passengers across the bay to the dunes and the ocean beach beyond. In the evening the process was reversed. On occasions where the wind died, the boatmen would row the couple of miles back to the main shore.

One day, while skippering one of these catboats, my grandmother's 17-year-old brother, Frank, slipped and fell against a cockpit coaming. A couple of days later he was dead from internal injuries.

One August night shortly after the turn of the 20th century, seven or eight of the local young people left shore in a 21' catboat bound for a moonlight sail. It was a beautiful evening with a soft breeze and a star-studded sky. The next morning the boat was found drifting and empty. The bodies of the young people were found one by one later in the week. Speculation at the time had it that someone got into trouble while swimming off the boat in a calm, and that one after another the others went overside to help. When they were all in the water, a breeze came up and wafted the boat away.

The Caffrey house still looks out over the bay, essentially unchanged behind its row of old cedars, but everything else is different. The woods and the sweet, fecund marshes are mostly gone, and so is the teeming wildlife that went with them. The whippoorwills that once filled summer nights with their electric call are gone forever and the last box turtle was crushed under the wheels of a car many years ago. The elegant wooden boats are mostly gone too along with the people who had the taste and skill to build and use them. I was born a couple of generations too late to be there for the heyday of the catboat on the bay, but I miss it anyway.

The following is an excerpt from an obituary, which appeared in the *New York Times*:

#### **G. Frank Carter – Boatbuilder 1867-1961**

A catboat designer and builder for more than 65 years, G. Frank Carter launched more than 150 beamy gaff-rigged cats from his small boat building shop behind his home on Wesuck Creek. In addition, he built another 50 boats, including sloops, small cruisers and runabouts. He built his sailboats in their entirety and made the sails himself. Even as a nonagenarian Carter personally test-sailed his new boats in nearby Shinnecock Bay. Mr. Carter observed on his 92nd birthday that he could, "just sit here at the house, rocking the time away, but I just don't see any reason to change after this many years at the shop."



## **A BB Swan From the Boneyard**

By Jacob Norris

We have a boneyard near us. It is a donation center for cars, boats and other stuff. People donate their things to be sold and the proceeds go to charity. My son, who is 14 now, loves to go and look at the boats. They are all very reasonably priced but they all need work. I always go with an open mind and a huge dose of skepticism.

One day we found a prospect. I had been hoping for a small boat to restore with my son and really wanted a catboat. And there one was. It was fiberglass with wooden coamings and it was a real wreck. The wood was dry and split, the hull had at least seven coats of paint, all of them cracked and peeling. It was full of water and if we gave it a slosh the centerboard trunk stayed still while the hull wobbled. But we could hear laughter and the cry of seagulls coming from between the cracks. A close look showed high quality fittings, a good sail and mast. I am a carpenter and have worked in fiberglass shops before so I decided to give it a try and went to find the price. When the guy at the counter told me \$100 we were in.

Things moved quickly for a while. We rounded up a trailer, a siphon, some buckets and sponges and a few friends and went to pick her up. I made some long horses to support her at a gentleman's height so we could work on her in comfort. I went on line and tried to find out what kind of boat she was but didn't have any luck. I looked everywhere for a hull number but couldn't find one of those either. The only clue was a small plaque that looked like it had a general electric logo on it.

I shrugged it off and broke out the scrapers and sanders and my son and I went to town. We removed the coamings and tried to sand them down to a usable surface. That didn't work so the job got bigger. The paint went down to bare fiberglass so the job got bigger. There were numerous cracks and tears and, you guessed it, the job got bigger.

Well several months and several hundred dollars later for sandpaper, scrapers, epoxy, cloth, additives, mahogany, teak, marine plywood, hardware and paint, it was time to put her back together. The last step was to strip the paint off all the old hardware. When I stripped the small plaque it said molded by General Electric for the Beetle Boat Company, New Bedford, Massachusetts. It was enough of a clue to track her down.

It turns out she is a BB Swan. Not just any BB Swan though, a 1947 Mahogany Swan, the first production fiberglass boat made. I was lucky enough to be in touch with Lee Wilds who restored BB Swan #5 to original condition and donated it to the Mystic Seaport. There are a great series of articles about the process available from The Catboat Association Bulletins #136, #140, #141, and #144. BB 5 can be seen in the catboat exhibit at the Mystic Seaport.

You can see ours out on the water. Ours isn't in all original condition. It is stable though, and seaworthy and fun to sail. I hope she'll last another 64 years.

## Chapter I

After reading *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, we teenagers longed to imitate his epic journey down the famous Mississippi River by raft. Since that famous river lay some 130 miles west from our village of Maywood, Illinois, we would have to settle for our local river in which to do our rafting. So, one fall day, after we were sure the mosquitoes were quite dead, my buddy Joe and I headed off to the woods in search of high and dry piled logs leftover from that last summer flood. We found a bonanza of logs scattered throughout the woods and upon shoreline strainers.

We came prepared with our usual hatchet, knife, rope, and a big bag of recycled ten penny nails. Many hours later we had chopped enough logs and doggedly dragged them down to the muddy riverbank. We were satisfied that this river, the Des Plaines, qualified as raftworthy as hundreds of miles downstream, it did join the Mississippi in St Louis.

After several hours of mixing and matching logs, we were finally ready to nail some 2"x4"s we found onto the tops of those logs joining them all together. We laced the rope throughout the raft just in case the nails let go. After the hammering was finished, we stepped back and admired our newest creation. It measured about 7'x9'. My, it was heavy. We couldn't lift it, so we just pushed it down the muddy riverbank while listening to resounding splashing and gurgling as it slipped into the cold autumn dark water. After congratulating ourselves at our accomplishment, we noticed that it only floated at one-half log diameter above the water. We had expected it to float higher...

Well, I won the coin toss. Joe steadied the craft by the shore while I gingerly stepped onto the middle section. We both had whittled branches for poling. I used the pole for balancing as the craft settled deeper into the water leaving only 2" of freeboard! I poled it away carefully going upstream and tested its maneuverability. It sure seemed tippy. Finally I poled back to the bank and asked if Joe wanted to test it. He said OK and hopped on and poled out onto the river. When he returned, we decided to try it with both of us aboard.

Well, I hopped on alone and wedged the raft against the muddy bank and gave the OK for Joe to climb on. When he hopped onto the raft, it began sinking deeper so that the water quickly began seeping between the logs and it began to tip over! Jump Joe!! And he knew where to jump. He landed halfway up that ever so muddy bank and luckily clawed his way onto the top swearing all

# Rafting the River

## Or How I Learned About Strainers!

By Bob McAuley

the while! Meanwhile, I managed to arrest the tilt and leveled out our waterlogged craft. The water had risen past our ankles and was headed toward our knees when Joe abandoned ship. If he hadn't jumped when he did, we both would have gone swimming in the cold autumn water.

I quickly poled back to shore and jumped off. Joe was covered with slimy, smelly, river muck and rightly throwing a fit. Disgusted with the "One Man Raft" we built for two, we pushed it back out into the current and watched it disappear downriver...

So ended Raft Building #1. I suspect some of those "dry" logs were still green inside. I also suspect some of those "dry" logs had turned into sponges when back in the river. Then maybe we should have made it twice as big... It did float one person, didn't it?

## Now for Chapter II

My second (and last) raft was built three years later with my new roommate at Tech School. It was spring and we had a day off, but no boat available for a look-see at Joe's and mine old campsite on an island in the middle of the same Des Plaines River near Lockport, Illinois. We drove down to the river and in the adjoining woods found enough logs to make a one-man raft. My new roommate, Buzz, was fascinated by my knowledge and apparent expertise at raft building. We just tied the logs together this time. When finished we had a 9'x5' raft big enough for one person. We'd take turns.

The spring water level was a little high and fast in the main channel, but it was usually only 2'-3' deep from what I remembered from paddling out there two years before. Buzz wisely declined my offer for him to test the raft first. So, I hopped on and checked the freeboard, which came to about 3". That was better than my first raft. With a pole a little too short, I poled around the shallow backwaters and was pleased with its floating qualities. I returned to shore and offered it to him for a try, but he refused and encouraged me to try poling out to that island in the middle of the river.

As I poled out of the backwaters I was amazed at how fast the main channel's current grabbed the craft and sent it rotating in circles downstream. It happened so fast that I couldn't touch bottom with my pole, so important for steering! I found myself at the edge of the main current headed downstream out of control. I tried using the pole as a paddle but it was useless as I drifted toward a large surging and shaking dreaded shoreline tree strainer. I helplessly smashed into it and hoped the raft would just bounce off it but it didn't.

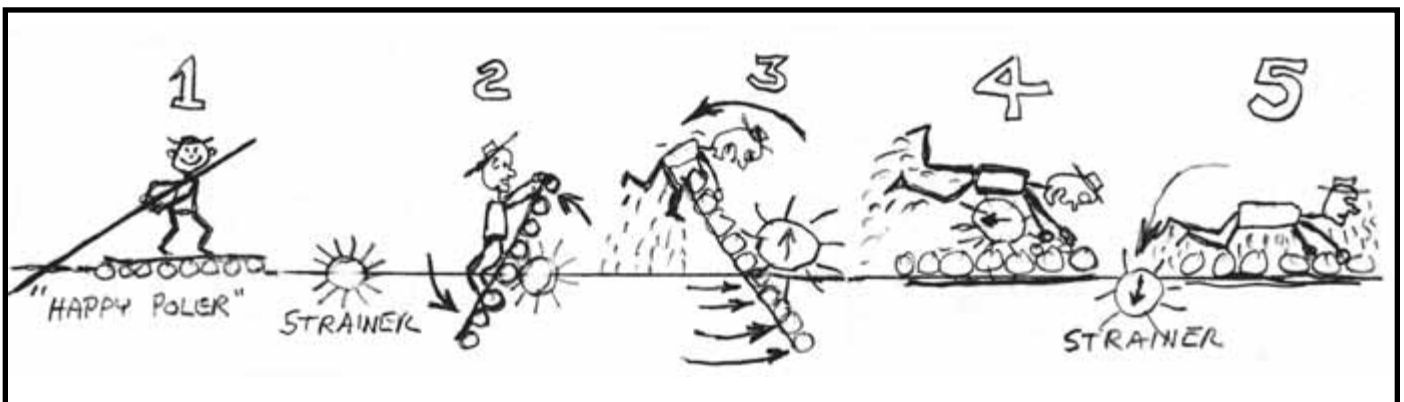
The big, surging tree branch stopped my raft broadside while the strong current grabbed the raft's rear logs and began pulling it under the branch! As the raft went vertical and finally flipped upside down, I swiftly scrambled up the vertical raft and over the branch just in time to grab the rear logs and haul myself back onto the inverted bottom! I crawled to the middle of the raft and just hung on shaking uncontrollably. I felt like a drowned rat, but alive and shivering from that springtime cold bath.

Magically the branch released my upside-down raft. Luckily the river bank jogged to the right and the raft slid out of the heavy current. After running into a backwater tree, it slowed down as it drifted into the shallow water. Somehow I must have hung onto that short pole, as I was finally able to stand up, though on shaky legs. After poling back through the backwaters, I joined Buzz who had watched in horror, as I went helplessly downriver the length of a couple of football fields.

After we joined up on shore, we both had a big laugh. He thought they were going to have to drag the river for my cold body. Some workers eating lunch on the opposite river bank had seen my performance during the raft summer-sault. They all yelled, "Hang on! Hang on!" Their cheering had been heard by me, remarkably, and probably helped me hang on...

Buzz once again refused to pole it just around the backwaters for some reason. He wanted to get me back into some dry clothes. So we abandoned the raft by setting it free to float downstream. In retrospect, we should have disassembled it on shore and not floated it downriver as a hazard to navigation. Our story made for some good laughs at my expense at supertime in the cafeteria that night, but I was alive.

So this had been Raft Building, Strike II, There would be no Strike III! No photos of these inglorious rafts were ever taken. Who had cameras?





Lawn-canoeing.



Gorden's toys.



Kim's huge canoe is gorgeous.



Janice conducts the singing boats.

Four spinning catboats, sailing in a continuous circle, created by Bill Horner.



# Lawn Canoeing with the Scuzbums

By Annie Holmes

On a perfect day, in a perfect place, we met for sharing, conversation, and inspection of small boats created or restored. Kim's glorious Chestnut freight canoe was the biggest boat there. It was 14 years ago at a similar Scuzbum event that this oversize canoe was first displayed in its pre-restored form. It's taken awhile, but at last it's (almost) done.

Gorden's stripper canoe is still in the workshop but looks gorgeous already. Joe Millard's geodesic wherry is perfection. Gorden had a strange boat-in-two-pieces which had been a decoration in a bar! He also displayed his authentic birchbark canoe, a rare boat indeed, especially on the west coast.

The customary potluck lunch was wonderful, as always, with guacamole and drinks from fruit harvested from Gorden's trees the day before and prepared on the spot. Amusing stories were shared of past Scuzbum misadventures in Canada and Lake Mohave.

Attendees included Annie Holmes and Dudley Elmore, Kim and Janice Apel, Jim and Carol Mayberry, Bill and Teria Horner, Roger Nelson, Tom Setum, John Canning, Joe Millard, Gorden Bundy himself, and several local friends. It went by all too quickly! It was an awesome day in an awesome place.



"Art is all of a boat but the wood."

Boat halves project.



Yard raftup.



Gorden's workshop with new stripper canoe well underway.



Joe Millard's latest creation, the geodesic wherry.

John Canning ties up Gorden's red canoe.





Every year I attend the Yankee Point Boat Auction for charity. Vendors sell used boat gear. I got a nice 251b yachtsman anchor. Boat prices were low this year. I planned on bidding on a 19' O'Day Mariner, which has the same hull and sails as my Rhodes 19. The bidding was quick so for \$250 I had another boat. Later in the fall, I dropped the center-board to check it and paint it. It showed no signs of wear on the pivot hole. I plan to sail it in the spring.

My wife and I trailered the Sea Pearl to Deltaville, Virginia, for a daysail. It was a hot day and I thought a light sea breeze would come up in the afternoon. Here on the Chesapeake Bay we have to enjoy sailing in light air. We had lunch, then visited the Deltaville Museum. They had a sailing log canoe on land display. We launched the Sea Pearl on Back Creek. Back Creek has wall to wall marinas, full of sailboats. The log canoe was the only boat I saw I would want to sail on. A light sea breeze did come up. We sailed close around Stingray Point. Stingray Point is crowded with cottages with various systems to keep them from washing away.

This year I kayaked around Windmill Point with a friend. We had good conditions, NW F2. We put over at the end of Windmill Point Road a small public beach the width of the road. We paddled clockwise around Fleets Island going under the low bridge to the Island. We meet the point where the two incoming tides meet. We ate lunch at North Point, a long sand spit off of Fleets Bay. With the ebb and a light wind in our favor we kayaked around Windmill Point. This point is exposed to the northeast. Land owners have put islands of rip rap perpendicular to the shore. I am not a fan of rip rap. I was surprised they were allowed to do this for a few large houses. I had not seen rip rap islands before.

I trailered the Rhodes 19 to Maine in August. We first stayed on Mt Desert Island

## Boating 2010

By Floyd Thompson  
Kinsale, Virginia

near Salisbury Cove. We launched one time at Southwest Harbor. The harbor was full of moorings, more boats than our last trip. Because it was Sunday, more boats were out. I think it has reached its limit for a small boat to enjoy. We stayed near Hadley Point and I anchored the R19 off the beach for three nights with about six other boats on moorings.

Hadley Point has a public beach with plenty of parking. It has a concrete ramp on the beach. I used the kayak as a dinghy. There was good kayaking off the beach with islands nearby. One day we motored out in the calm toward Bar Harbor. Near Bar Harbor the wind came up from the south F4 and we sailed to the harbor. I stayed on the boat tied to the dock between lobster boats, while my wife went shopping and brought back ice cream. We sailed back to Hadley Point on a reach.

The next day the weather was the same and we sailed across Frenchman Bay to Winter Harbor. Very little boating on Frenchman Bay. We only saw two or three boats sailing there in our two days sailing.

One late afternoon I took the kayak to Bartlett landing. I had not been there before. As usual I pulled into the last parking space. The harbor was not too crowded. Parking is a big problem here especially for a trailer boat. The ramp is not next to the dock.

The next week we rented a cottage on Eggemoggin Reach near the bridge. This turned out to be our best location with floating dock, mooring buoy, and use of a dinghy. I launched at Sedgwick. All other harbors in the Penobscot Bay area have waiting lists for moorings. Towns can control the

number of boats two ways; allow no more moorings or no more dinghy permits at the town dock. I kept the R19 on the guest mooring for the week. I did discover an old ferry landing that had a small public beach, which could be used at high tide for trailer boats. A lot of boats sail the Reach, it did not seem crowded. They did not sail close to shore but kept to the middle.

One day my wife and I sailed to *Wooden Boat*. I saw some small boats sailing. We sailed by them to have a look. A voice called out, "Is that you Floyd?" It was Brian, a man I had met at the Freeport small boat meet in May in Virginia. Brian sails a Sea Pearl out of Solomons, Maryland. He was taking the *Wooden Boat* small boat class.

Next week we stayed in Camden. We also sailed out of nearby Rockland one day. Rockland has the best ramp and parking I have seen in Maine but, alas, it is a lot more crowded than the last time we were here. Boats on moorings were all over and not enough room to sail up to the public dock. Another day we sailed out of Rockport, another crowded harbor.

While in Camden I kayaked around all the moored boats in the harbor. I talked to a man on traditional pinky he had built himself. He lives on the pinky all year. The sails were cotton. All lines were manila including the anchor lines, no chain, and no motor, inside ballast. As we were talking a woman was swimming and joined the conversation, only women swim in Maine.

I had a good sail down the Potomac River this year. We left Bouman Creek, which is 20 miles upriver from Smith Point. Winds were Force 5 gusting to Force 6. We sailed with reefed main only, directly downwind, surfed some on 2'-4' waves. We sailed closed to Smith Point and had a long surf over the bar into the lee of the land. The Rhodes 19 was well behaved; no sign of broaching and no water on deck.

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I was born on a houseboat moored outside of Jacob Yacht Yard to Ruth and Fred Schmahl when the "Golden Age of Yachting" on City Island, New York, was ending.

In the late 1930s, decked canoes raced around a triangle in Eastchester Bay and I became determined to one day sail one. In the summer of 1947, Frank Jordaens offered to let me sail his decked canoe, as long as he could sit astern. It was the first boat I had ever sailed and I had the hang of it in one tack. This was not a hard boat to sail. However, it was a hard boat in which to be the champion sailor.

Soon, Irwin Tyson's *Puffin* (#16) became available at a very reasonable price and I purchased her when I was 17. She had a slim Froling entrance and a wide Fox stern. Her width of 42<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" made her the beamiest 17-footer in the fleet and her sturdy construction made *Puffin* the heaviest decked canoe racing. She came without sails and, since I was still in high school and not working, I bummed sails wherever I could get them for ten or fifteen bucks. She was sloop rigged with a hollow mast and a loose-footed mainsail. She was rigged with four major jam cleats (two jib and two main, mounted on plaques), the usual hiking board, boom, crosshead tiller, tiller stick, with a Norwegian connecting rod to the rudder, paddle, centerboard, hatch cover in the stern and carried 107.6sf of sail. The good news, my *Puffin* was watertight!

I made my own splices; the hardest one was the long splice for the main sheet. If the splice wasn't done properly, it wouldn't flow smoothly through the jam cleat. Some of the tiller sticks had fancy braid work on the ends of the tiller pole so it wouldn't slip out of the crosshead when capsized. I learned the hard way one day why braiding was a good idea when I capsized and had to swim after my tiller stick. My thick fish line braiding was shellacked in place. I bought my first suit of new sails in 1949, that was huge! I had a new boom, new sails, and no more loose footed sail.

## Lone Gal

By Fay Jordaens



Often, I took the boat out alone, as it was simple to lower it off its rack onto a long wooden dolly, wheel down to the low float, lift the dolly up high overhead and gently encourage the boat to slide into the water. I managed to break the end off the dolly during one of those launchings and immediately retired the boat shaking routine. On weekends the crowd helped launch and rack canoes before and after our races.

Racing meant learning the rules and regs, which for me was tedious, but repeated penalties for "barging the line" for instance, forced me to learn as I went along. In the beginning I was thrilled to race with the fleet, but as time went on I became better

at the proper set of sails, maximizing wind puffs, learning the rules of the road, and getting a good start (high on the wind, no one's "dirty" wind). I tacked after our best sailors and learned so much that way, until the first day I had the lead! I had one sailing lesson. Lou Whitman followed me around the race course one afternoon and yelled things like "let your sails out" and "point up a little higher" and that was it. Back at the club he said, 'Like most beginners, you have a tendency to sail with the sheets too flat.' He was right, of course.

Having been born and raised on a boat, I didn't have to learn simple rules. However, I wish I could forget the time Jesse Fishman called "starboard" on me and I estimated that I could easily pass Jesse without slamming into him. Wrong! After that miscalculation, I decided to sail home to my dad's boat and avoid the razzing from the fleet. During the landing, a wake caused my stay to get caught on dad's boat and it snapped my beautiful hollow mast! Instant heartbreak!

In another race Bill Payne hit ME astern and said, "you're out!" Sadly, he wasn't kidding. It definitely unhinged some guys when I beat them. The summer I beat Oscar Schwarz, Bill and Tommy, they quit sailing. Lou and Frank teased me that as I beat them one by one, my competition would quit, and I would become the Champ. Fat chance!

After Frank and I married, we rigged my boat so that I could hold the main in my hand, English style. This was a more pragmatic arrangement for me, especially in heavy weather. Oddly, the realization that I was the lone gal racing with some of the finest champion sailors in the country, didn't dawn on me for many years. Frank and I were the only couple to race against one another in all the years we sailed.

As the Lou Whitman era ended, Grant's Boat Club hosted two Regattas (1983 and 1984), featuring, among others, new champion Steve Clark and his talented group, who went on to change the face of decked boating.

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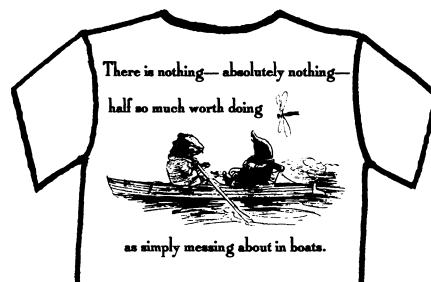
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# Traditional Small Craft of New Jersey and the Delaware River Basin

New Jersey, better known for its high taxes, corrupt politicians, and scenic views of oil refineries along the Turnpike, gets no respect. The professional football teams still call themselves New York and even the state university shuns the New Jersey name. While it may be the butt of late night comics' jokes, those of us who live here and are into boating know that it, and the Delaware River Basin, has a rich heritage of beautiful and unique small sailing and rowing craft.

What other area can claim designs as diverse as the racy and challenging Delaware River Tuckup, the graceful Melonseed, the sleek, double ended Rail Bird Skiff and Delaware Ducker, Garveys and the numerous variations of Sneakboxes and Jersey Beach Skiffs, to name a few? The skinny local waters, combined with the hunting and fishing needs and some skilled and imaginative boat builders have left us with a wonderful legacy of small boats to sail, to build, and to dream about.

The purpose of this website is primarily to provide a resource for those interested in building these boats. It can serve as a "Wikipedia" for boats of this region, with inputs from those who have built and sailed them. Under the "Design" tab each design or model will have its own page and then link to pages contributed by builders of that particular



MASCF 2009. Photo by Barry Long.

model. Under "Articles" there will be, well, articles related to building and sailing them. Realizing that all neat old boats aren't from here there is a "From Away" tab that will take you to building sites of boats that don't have this local heritage but potential builders might find useful.

If you have built or sailed any of these boats and would like to contribute, send your material to [info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com](mailto:info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com). If you have your own website or blog, provide the linking information or, if not, we can add a page for you to describe your project. Please edit your text to include building experience and techniques, materials, time, and, if you dared keep track, dollars invested. Photos should be edited to 72dpi and no larger than 600 pixels if possible as that will help with the posting. Also include any photos or text credits if desired.


This project is, and will always be, a work in progress. You can help it evolve by submitting material. Suggestions, input, thoughts, and edits are encouraged and should be sent to us at [info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com](mailto:info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com). The TraditionalSmallCraft.com site was developed, and is supported, entirely by volunteers who are more than slightly smitten by these great little boats.

Delaware River TSCA Messabout. Photo by Andy Slavinskis.



1800s postcard: Tuckup in Wildwood New Jersey.





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When passing from Pelican Harbor through the North Bar Channel off the east side of Great Abaco Island in the Bahamas and into the open ocean, one notes that the water quickly turns from the glowing whitish turquoise of the banks to a dark cobalt blue. Deep water now. The mariner feels a momentary chill for although he knows objectively that he and his boat are safer in this new element than ever they were among the shoals and coral heads, he also knows that now only the thin skin of his vessel separates him from a very cold and lonely place far below.

The moment passes quickly though. Like all those who venture forth on open waters for pleasure, for the love of it, our single-hander is an optimist. His boat is a tough and well-appointed little packet and new country, new adventures, lie ahead. In this case what lies ahead is the island of Eleuthera and later the Exumas, or so he hopes.

The little sloop runs south all day 'til near dark when she is off Hole in the Wall, the southern tip of Great Abaco. Between this and her next expected landfall in the vicinity of Eleuthera, lies the Northwest Providence Channel, a major passageway for shipping bound west for Florida and east for Europe and Africa. Our mariner would prefer to transit this busy highway in daylight but he is off an inhospitable shore, and short of heaving to and waiting for morning, there is no way to avoid the nighttime crossing. Mindful of the changeable winter weather, he does not wish to tarry. He pushes on.

The problem with crossing shipping lanes in an engineless boat is that there are potential situations where the mariner can take no evasive action to avoid collisions. He must rely on passing ships to see and avoid him. Since we know that many ships run on automatic pilot and that many look-outs, particularly overworked and underpaid ones from Third World countries, can and do become distracted or fall asleep, this is not a good situation to be in.

Not a few tankers and container ships have arrived in port with spars or other debris lodged somewhere under their bows, remnant proof of collisions with lesser craft never felt or even suspected by those on board.

But our mariner is a purist. He will not allow a greasy, smelly, demanding monster into the heart of his boat. No engine for him. He wants to sail the way his ancestors did. He wants to be a creature of the sea.

Darkness falls and with the night comes a marked lessening of the wind. The mariner and his boat are only making a knot or, at best, two. Lights appear at many points on the horizon. Tankers and freighters are making their way back and forth through the passage. They are ablaze with light. Some look like giant Christmas trees, others like floating cities.

Forward on the sloop's bow pulpit is a kerosene fueled bicolor navigation lamp from the Davey Co in England. It is quite large, designed for a 40-footer, not the 21' craft we are on tonight. But, it must be said, it was designed for a 40-footer of decades, even generations ago. Compared to the blazing light put out by the modern day behemoths in the channel, it is nothing. We wonder if any lookout could see it even if he tried. So it is an anxious time for our mariner as he drifts along on dark, glassy seas. If he were a Muslim, he might be comforted by saying "Inshallah."

None of the shipping even comes close, however, and with daylight a modest breeze springs up. The little sloop plies its way

## Falling Off

By W. R. Cheney

southward, the Walker patent log turning slowly and registering a speed of two to three knots. By mid-afternoon and our mariner's 31st hour at sea, his dead reckoning tells him that Eleuthera should be in sight, but it isn't. Our mariner is tired and very disappointed.

Halfway into hour 33 a low island emerges on the horizon. Much too small to be Eleuthera, it is, nonetheless, land. The mariner is happy and relieved. Sometime thereafter a skiff carrying a pair of Bahamians happens by and our mariner asks for a heading for Spanish Wells. The Bahamians hoot with derision. "Oh man, you are way off. This is Rose Island," one of them yells. The mariner doesn't care. True, he is quite far west of where he thought he should be but dead reckoning is an inexact science, particularly if you have been drifting in unknown currents for long stretches of time. He knows where he is now, and that is all that matters.

Looking now for a place to anchor for the night, the mariner steers for a small cay in the far distance, but along the way there is a sudden and sickening cessation of motion. Miles from anywhere, the sloop has run up on what seems to be an anomalous high spot on the banks. Darker water in every direction shows that the sloop has found the only such spot around.

Very tired and a little disorientated, the mariner is not sure whether the tide is coming or going. If it is going and if some weather should come up, this situation could rapidly become dangerous. Not a moment to lose. Quickly, the mariner lets out some sheet until the boom is out at about a 45° angle. He then stands on the rail and placing his hands on the boom, leans way out over the water. The idea is to get weight as far out as possible and heel the boat over so that the keel will lift off the bottom and she will drift free into deeper water.

It works! She begins bumping along the bottom and in moments finds deeper water. But then there is a snapping sound as a jam cleat on the main sheet lets go. The mariner finds himself flying out over the water and then into it. The sloop is now drifting away with the breeze and a surprisingly strong current and it is all the mariner can do to catch up with her. It is touch and go but he makes it, swimming faster and better than he ever has in his life before.

Now he finds that his problems are not over. Try as he may he cannot quite get up over the high topsides. He's there; he's got his boat, but he can't get back aboard. Time and again he tries, leaping up in the water and trying to turn his wrists so that he can push on up and reach the deck. Time after time he gets close, but never close enough. Then, as he weakens, he does not even get close. Already very weary he is now becoming physically exhausted. The island is too far away to swim for. He thinks of sharks, he thinks of hypothermia.

Near panic, he suddenly remembers something simple and obvious. Letting go of the rail, he swims back to the dinghy. Grasping the dinghy's transom, he pushes down and surges up. The transom sinks and his body rises high enough so that his belly folds over the transom. He is in! Back aboard the sloop, he anchors immediately. He and

the sloop will spend the night anchored on the open banks, a not uncommon practice in these parts. Then it is rum for all hands. Tomorrow will be another day.

Afterword: Like any mishap at sea, the one described here offers lessons for those fortunate enough to survive, and for those who read or otherwise hear about it. Most obvious here is that no boat should go to sea without a tested means of getting back aboard should one be so unfortunate or so foolish as to fall overboard. My bayman forebears who spent their lives on Shinnecock Bay and the adjacent Atlantic Ocean always said the best solution was not to fall overboard in the first place, and it is true that few of them ever did. But accidents will happen.

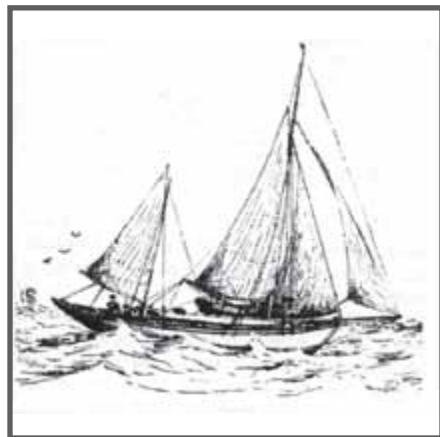
A heavy line with a loop in it attached to some secure part of the boat and left lying on deck will provide sufficient means of getting back on board. The loop, when pulled down over the side, acts as a stirrup, and you can get back aboard in much the way that you would mount a horse. For those preferring a more solid and permanent solution, a variety of metal transom or rudder steps, both folding or otherwise, are available from marine suppliers. Marshall Marine, in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, offers a massive bronze job that is sure to please. I bet they will sell you one even if you don't own one of their wonderful catboats.

A second lesson is to not rely on jam cleats for anything. A lot of sailors like them and defend them, but heading off on a voyage to the hereafter because one gave way is enough to change anyone's mind.

I realized when writing a piece about falling overboard that it would be almost sure to generate the usual comments about PFDs and how we should wear them at all times. PFDs certainly have their place, but in their insistent and ever increasing clamor, PFD advocates remind me a little of an automobile mechanic here in Vermont who barraged the local papers about the hard hat as a universal panacea for all life's hazards.

My point is that the PFD is not always appropriate or useful. If I had been wearing a PFD when I fell overboard way out on the banks, I would have had to get rid of it in a hurry if I wanted any chance of swimming back to my rapidly departing boat. In fact, the time it took to make the counter intuitive decision to shed it, and then to do so, might have been fatal in a situation where seconds counted.

As to whether or not it is safe to take an engineless boat into the shipping lanes, the answer is no. I did it when I was younger; I don't do it any more.



*Messing About in Boats*, April 2011 – 23

It was a natural evolution that canoe cruising which "as popularized in England in the 1860s" would lead to the establishment of England's Royal Canoe Club and subsequently to the New York Canoe Club in New York City, thus leading to National and International class races. Organized canoe sailing started in the US in 1870 on Flushing Bay, where New York's La Guardia airport is now, thanks to William Alden.

The founder of modern canoe sailing and of the American Canoe Association, just who was William Alden? Well, it's the season for toasts. We express our hope for health and happiness, for love and leisure, and for fair winds and fairer yard fees. In that spirit let's raise a glass to the man whose vision and work nearly a century and a half ago created the Club we enjoy today.

Few yacht clubs can point to a founder with a resume like that of W.L. Alden: lawyer, newspaperman, editorialist, short story writer, essayist, novelist, sailing enthusiast, club organizer, executive, and diplomat. In all these areas he gained honor and fame both at home and abroad.

His surname brings to mind the famous John Alden of Colonial America, whose celebrated proposal of marriage to Priscilla came only after she chided him to, "Speak for yourself, John." In fact, he was a direct descendant of the well-known couple. His father was an academic, president of Jefferson College in Massachusetts when John was graduated, and later president of what is now SUNY, Albany.

Following his graduation in 1858, he read the law and practiced in Massachusetts. After four years he moved to New York and began his career as a newspaperman. After stints at *The World* and the *Daily Graphic*, he eventually became an editorial writer for *The New York Times*. From 1874 to 1885 he wrote editorials, lively, trenchant, humor-

## Looking Back

By Charles Murphy  
Historian of Long Island's  
North Shore Yacht Club  
Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*  
Newsletter of the ACA  
National Sailing Committee

ous, that were so popular that two collections were published in book form.

But even before achieving recognition at *The Times*, Alden was making his name writing both fiction and non-fiction. For young readers he wrote several novels such as *The Cruise of the Ghost*. In non-fiction he wrote a biography of Columbus and contributed essays to magazines such as *Harpers*, for which for four years he also wrote a series of adventure stories. Also, for *Harpers*, he published *The Perfect Canoe* (it was yawl rigged) which highlighted the interest that would dominate his life for many years.

By the late 1860s Alden had developed a keen interest in the sailing canoe. He saw in the sailing canoe a "yacht" that could be owned and sailed by the average man. Then in 1870 he brought over from the Royal Canoe Club a Nautilus sailing canoe. This vessel became the archetype of the canoes to follow. In 1871 he, along with several fellow canoe sailors, founded the New York Canoe Club. *The Times* wrote that in doing so he "set off a craze (for canoe sailing) that spread across the country," reaching as far as the Mississippi River.

Although his is the first name recorded in the 1871 minutes of the Club's founding meeting, he did not accept the Commodoreship, probably because he was working to spread the gospel of canoe sailing across the state and beyond. He did, however, serve

as the Club's fourth Commodore in 1874 and 1875. His importance to the sport was such that he was chosen Commodore of the newly founded American Canoe Association as well. Although he began with the English Nautilus Canoe, he soon designed his own canoe, the Shadow. Ultimately he was recognized in the *Times* obituary as "the father of modern (sail) canoeing in this country."

Later in his life, he was named American Consul General in Rome. After serving in this post, where he was honored by King Humbert, he moved to Paris, where he wrote as foreign correspondent for the *Herald*, and then to London, where his books and articles gave him entre into London literary life. Late in his stay in London, according to his Jefferson College obituary, an appeal for funds appeared in a London newspaper, noting that he was gravely ill and lacked sufficient funds for the necessary surgery. Literary London in the persons of J.M. Barrie, author of *Peter Pan*; Rudyard Kipling, the famous poet and novelist; and Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, all expressed support.

The details of the matter remain murky. However, after he returned to the US, Alden said that he did not authorize the appeal and that he had not been penniless. If nothing else, the response to the article indicated the high esteem with which he was held in English literary circles.

After returning to America, he moved to Buffalo to live with his daughter. He died there in 1907. Today, few readers are aware of Alden's books. Our last historic sailing canoe was laid to rest in Mystic Seaport Museum 50 years ago. Yet the great achievement of William L. Alden, our Club, remains, a tribute to his vision and his values. And so, I give you William L. Alden

(Questions or comments: cpjlmurphy@optonline.net)

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In Memory of

William Livingston

ALDEN



In Canoes they  
raided and  
paddled  
on many happy  
days  
Where no indolent folks traveled  
On rivers, lakes and bays.  
The waters were all clear and clean  
The shores as yet unspoiled  
With trade wastes  
Which today  
are seen  
In waters badly oiled

Ported  
from Harpers  
Magazine  
1882

The First

COMMODORE

of the

American

Canoe

Association

In 1870 Mr Alden  
was the leading spirit in founding  
the New York Canoe Club  
first of its kind in America.

Mr Alden was a writer of more than  
ordinary genius, a wit and literature  
who wielded pen and paddle with equal  
facility. At that time he was a member  
of the editorial staff of the New York  
Times and well known to the reading  
public through a series of witty editorials  
which were one of the noted features of  
that newspaper.

At the same time he was writing under  
the nom de plume of Matador the dramatic  
criticisms of Punchinello, a humorous weekly  
which preceded "Puck".

On the third of August 1880, the American  
Canoe Association was organized at  
Crosbyside, Lake George, N.Y. There were  
23 charter members and the name of  
William Alden heads the list.

By unanimous vote he was elected  
Commodore  
holding the first meet of the Association,  
which was held on Horna Island, Lake George.

In 1882 he was elected an Honorary Member  
of the Royal Canoe Club of England.

A few years later Mr Alden was appointed  
American Counsel to Rome. Several of  
his articles on canoes and canoeing appeared  
in Harpers Magazine in the eighteen eighties.

A. F. Saunders  
A.C.A. Commodore 1914-18

Organized in 1880 at Crosbyside  
Lake George

Honorary Member  
of the  
Royal Canoe Club  
of England



Length overall 14' 4"  
Depth Bow & Stern 16"  
Beam at waterline 50"  
Beam at deck 20"  
Depth amidship 35"

The SHADOW Canoe

Designed by MR ALDEN  
in 1870

The "Pot"  
was the third  
of the model.

Built by  
Mr James  
Everson in  
1876. Was  
owned by  
Mr Vaux.

Her best run  
on a cruise was  
50 miles under  
sail and paddle  
in 10 hours on  
Long Island  
Sound.



THE "SHADOW" FIRST MODEL OWNED BY MR ALDEN



What is this "Gig,"  
anyway?



It's quite some pulling boat, that's what it is. Lance Lee turned up what is reputed to be the only extant original of this 18th century boat in Ireland, despite its French heritage. It seems that a French Man-O-War sent ashore some weapons in Ireland in the late 1700's to aid the Irish in their ongoing rebellion against British rule, and the gig was used to transport the contraband ashore. A British ship of the line happened upon the scene and the French ship fled, leaving behind the gig and its crew. The Irish declined to turn the craft over to the British and it ended up in the National Maritime Museum in Ireland. Lee's worldwide network of acquaintances put him onto it when he went looking for a serious pulling boat of real performance for Ed McCabe and the Hull Lifesaving Museum.

The gig is 38 feet long, and seats 10 oarsmen plus four "passengers" aft. Originally these were officers or dignitaries and the gig was the "tender" for a warship of the French navy. It resembles very closely a giant Whitehall, and for good reason. Speed and seaworthiness were requirements of the era of the gig, the same criteria that later developed the Whitehall as a New York water taxi.

The Apprenticeshop did a wonderful job of building this boat. Lance brought home the lines from Ireland plus all the construction details and true to the spirit of his Apprenticeshop, the replica was built to these original specs. This is the first of two being built. LIBERTE' will be followed by EGALITE'. And, with a glint in his eye, Lance Lee says, "and that's two of the three to complete the motto." Will FRATERNITE' follow? Lance surely intends that it will and he seems to be able to work his will.

## The Launching of the LIBERTE'



25 Years Ago  
in MAIB

It was 4 below at sunrise on January 25th at Rockport, Maine, with a 2" thick ice pack clogging the inner harbor. Inside the Rockport Apprenticeshop the 38' French Gig, LIBERTE' sat awaiting its 11 a.m. launching. It was almost 4 below inside too, the two woodstoves striving in vain to dispell the penetrating cold. By 9 a.m. a crowd had gathered and many of the apprentices and the Hull High School crew members on hand to accept delivery of the boat were outside at the foot of the ways trying to break up the ice so there'd be a place for LIBERTE' to float in.

Then SWIVEL showed up, a stubby steel Coast Guard tug from nearby Rockland. SWIVEL bashed around in the ice breaking the sheet up into floes. The tide turned and the floes began to drift down harbor. The young people renewed their efforts at urging the ice on-wards, now in several of the Apprenticeshop boats, including that marvellously heavy Swedish boat built of 2" oak planking. A light northwest wind made the still intense cold endurable for those standing about.

The big doors opened, LIBERTE' was hand carried by about 30 volunteers over the threshold and set on the cradle on the ways. The apprentices who built the boat boarded and raised the sweeps aloft, with shop chief Dave Foster at the helm. The Apprenticeshop's President, Hank Taft, spoke briefly, and founder/director, Lance Lee, also had a few words as to the significance of the craft and its future, then Jan Taft hefted the champagne and LIBERTE' slid down the ways into the now ice-free harbor. It had all really come to pass as planned.

The apprentice crew rowed down harbor a way and then returned alongside the shop jetty where they then gave over to the kids from Hull, who would campaign the boat henceforth in rowing races, culminating in July at the

Statue of Liberty Centennial in New York Harbor. The kids had been, at first, awed by this craft. Coming from their cramped narrow flat bottomed 8 oared relics loaned to the Hull Museum by the Boston Parks Department, the kids just couldn't believe what they were about to take over. The awe quickly dissipated once they boarded and as they lofted the sweeps to pull away from the jetty, with coach Ed McCabe now at the helm, whoops of excitement escaped and they eased out into open water, paused to get their bearings on the unfamiliar seating arrangements, and then dug in, pulling away down harbor for their short trial. The LIBERTE' moved majestically with hardly a trailing ripple, but it will take some practicing before the crew will be able to really move it.

Upon return to the shop jetty, the crew disembarked and carried the craft back up the ways into the shop. It was scheduled to go to Boston by truck January 31st to be launched there alongside the U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, from where, on February 1st, it would be rowed by this same crew the 8 miles down Boston Harbor to Hull.

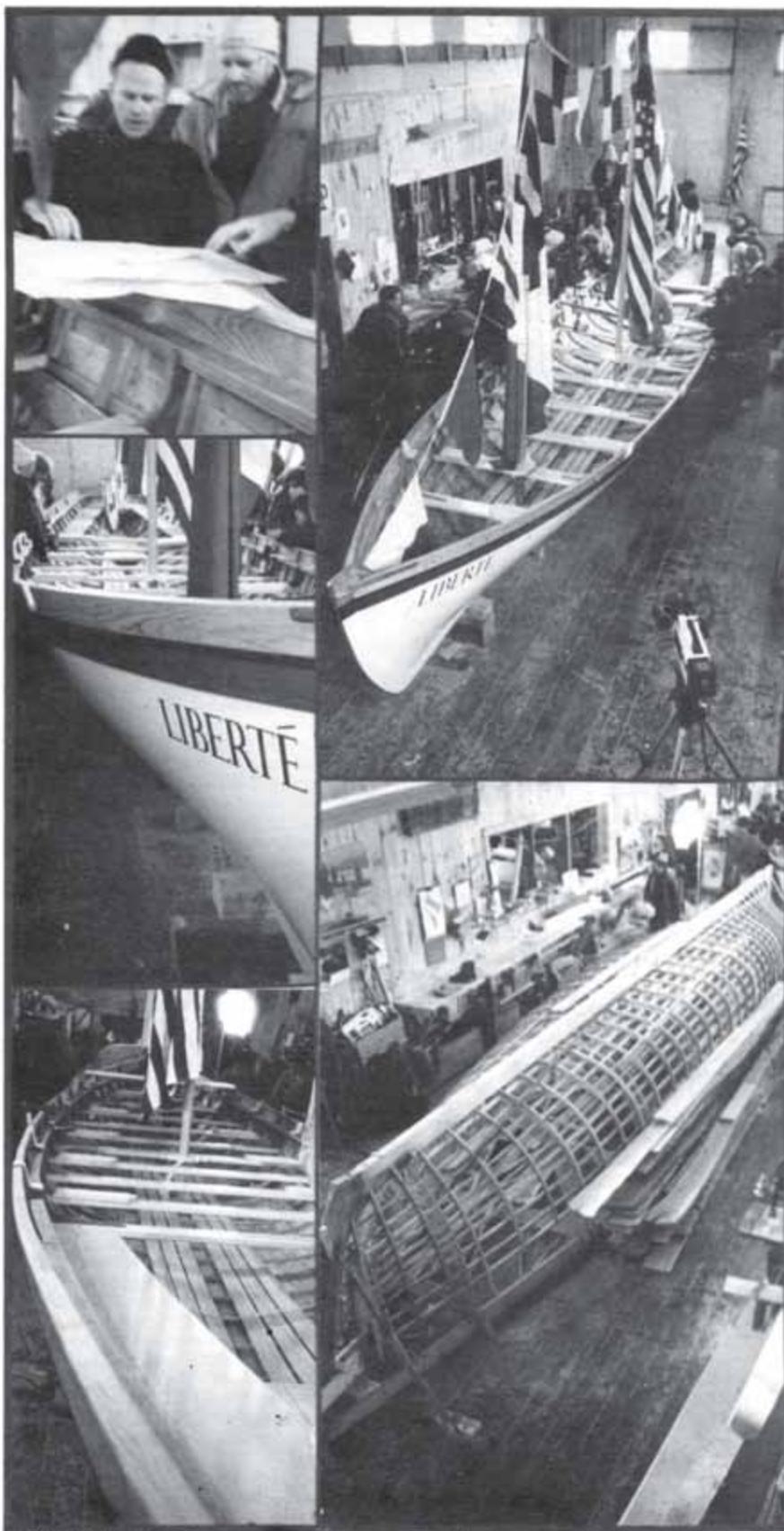
On the shop floor, EGALITE', the next sistership, was on the molds being readied for planking up. The chill air was forgotten in the afterglow of exuberance over how lovely LIBERTE' looked out there on the water. This was the beginning of what promises to be quite some adventure in small craft sport. The visionaries behind it, Lance Lee and Ed McCabe, have still to come up with the money to pay for this adventure, an \$80,000 fund raising drive is already underway. Like to help out? Contact Philip Graf at the Rockport Apprenticeshop, Sea St., Rockport, ME 04856, (207) 236-6071. While Phil is looking for corporate sponsorship, individual boosters are welcomed too. This is a whole new adventure in American rowing, still an honestly amateur sport.

*...and its purpose?*



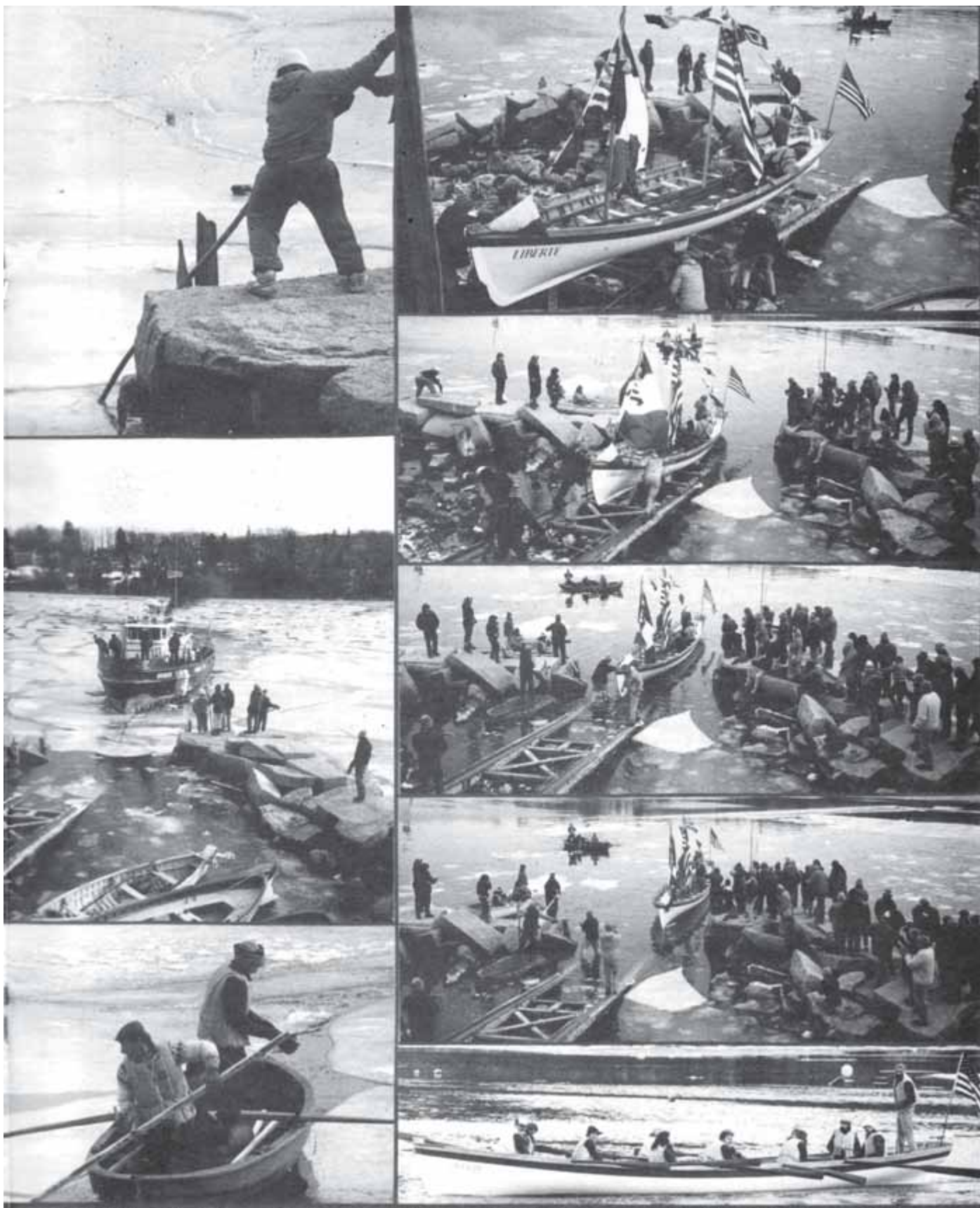
LIBERTE' and EGALITE' will first off appear this summer in New York Harbor in two days of rowing races between French and American crews as part of the Operation Sail gathering at the Statue of Liberty celebration. After that, both boats will return to Hull's Lifesaving Museum where they will function in ongoing seamanship training programs in Boston Harbor. Ed McCabe has already done preliminary encouraging of other area public schools to get into the rowing program by first setting up pulling boat building programs (more modest in scope than the Gig project), then attracting student participation in rowing these craft, leading to opportunities for rowing the Gigs. Ed compares the available pulling boats used so far by Hull to old VW bugs, the new Gigs to Ferraris. We should have opportunity later on to bring a first hand report on what it's like rowing in this marvelous boat.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



LIBERTE' in the shop ready to leave, EGALITE' on the molds being framed up. Apprenticeship director, Lance Lee, discusses the plans with long time friend, "Strats" Stratton

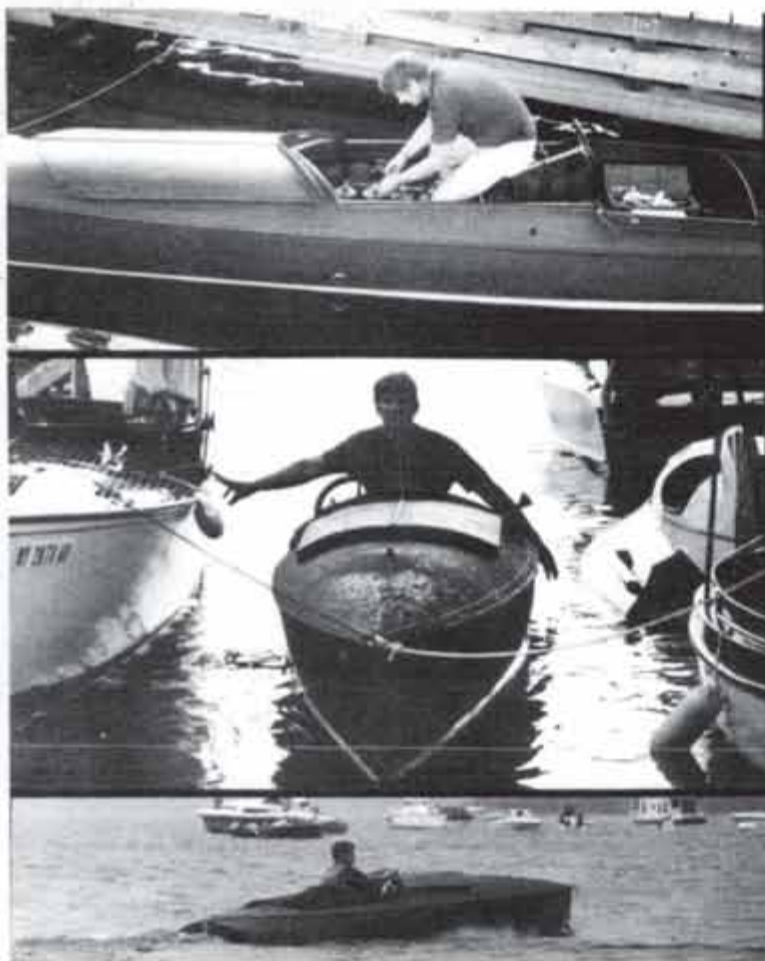




Early efforts at disposing of the icepack were long on effort but short on results. The U.S.C.G. tug, SWIVEL, made short work of the pack, and then the tide helped the lads move the pieces out. Down the ways she goes. Returning from their first tryout, the Hull crew is impressed. This is SOME pulling boat!



# ATOSIS...out of a Time Capsule



## Atosis Finds a New Home

The Antique Boat Museum at Clayton, NY has just received as a donation the remarkable 1907 race boat *Atosis*. In 1987, she was shown at the Antique Boat Show in Clayton, which was the last time she has been in the water. You ran an article about *Atosis* in the September 1, 1987 issue of *MAIB* (Vol. 5 No.8). I am wondering if there is any chance that you may still have the photos used in that article, and if so, might we get copies of them for our archives about this wonderful boat?

Dan Miller, Curator, Antique Boat Museum,  
Clayton, NY

**Editor Comments:** The original photos are long gone but here's the article as it appeared 23 years ago on our pages.



A son and grandson of the builder bring back a creation from 75 years ago.

The judges had to come up with a new award to deal with the remarkable old speedboat, *ATOSIS*, displayed, and run in the parade, by Jim Norris and his two sons. They finally awarded *ATOSIS* something they called, "Staff Choice". I think I'd have called it something like "Heartwarmer of the Year". Norris was obviously moved and his sons, who had struggled much to get the engine properly running for the parade, must have felt pretty good about it too. Jim Norris is in his 70's and *ATOSIS* is a speedboat his father built in 1906 near Lynn, MA, to race summers on Lake Cobbosseecontee near Augusta, ME. *ATOSIS* was displayed in original unrestored condition as it was when put away in 1912 when Jim's dad, then a young man, built a new, faster boat to preserve his winning ways. *ATOSIS* has been stored at the Lake for 75 years under a simple muslin cloth in a boathouse on the builder's father's property.

Jim Norris told me how he'd often thought about getting out his dad's old racer, but the years went on and on and nothing was done.

In recent years, according to his son, they had been trying to get him to bring out the boat, and it wasn't until a year ago that the muslin was lifted and the faded mahogany colored canvassed wooden hull came out into the sunlight. The engine had been long removed, and at one time spent over 40 years in a crate under a bench in Schenectady, NY, but it was still in hand and was re-installed. Last year *ATOSIS* appeared in the show on the trailer, not in running condition.

This year would be different. A couple of weeks beforehand, *ATOSIS* was running and back in the water on the Lake in Manchester, ME. All was well. Then at Clayton, the starter crank, which is on the dash and turns the crankshaft via a roller chain, broke and the engine misfire somehow upset the magneto timing. While Jim went off to a nearby marina to get a chain drive fabricated for the starter, one son wrestled with the timing problem. To start the engine, or to try to start it, he'd crouch down over the engine after filling the priming cups (this

is a 1908 engine, remember) and setting the spark and throttle controls on the steering wheel column. Then he'd reach down and take the flywheel at the forward end of the engine in his hands to give the engine a turn or two, backing up against compression and then flipping it the other way. It was an all-morning struggle but perseverance prevailed. *ATOSIS* fired up, and motored noisily along later in the afternoon parade, 75 years after she was put away as too slow. The faster boat is now long gone.

Jim Norris' collection of old news clippings and photos of those long ago days was fascinating to look over. on its display board alongside *ATOSIS*. The smiling youth of 1908, Jim's dad, sweeping all before him those long ago summers on Lake Cobbosseecontee in this classic old speedboat he built himself, living on today in the efforts of his son and grandsons to bring *ATOSIS* out of her time capsule and before those who can truly appreciate her. Like I said, I thought it really was winner of the "Heartwarmer of the Year Award".

# Boatbuilding with Burnham

Wednesday, February 9

*WoodenBoat* Features

## Short Piece on the *Ardelle*

The March/April issue of *WoodenBoat* included an article about the *Ardelle* and pinkie schooners and their design. We do thank *WoodenBoat* for the article and for using Dan Tobyne's great photos. However, there was an omission which we feel should be corrected for the record in mentioning the *Ardelle's* design. Although the *Lewis H. Story*, the *Fame*, and the *Thomas B. Lannon* were designed and built by Harold, all of these vessels have been created in partnership with other talented individuals.

Prior to 2004, Capt David Fulson of the US Coast Guard worked very closely helping Harold with the Coast Guard regulations. Since Capt Fulson's passing, Harold has worked very closely with Mr David Wyman, naval architect and marine engineer of Camden, Maine. On the *Ardelle*, in particular, David has been extremely generous in sharing his knowledge and expertise and has made her a better vessel and we are extremely grateful to him for his efforts in ensuring that the vessel meets all Coast Guard regulations and standards.



David Wyman, naval architect and marine engineer, has been a sound advisor to Harold in designing the *Ardelle*.

Monday February 14

## Great Story in *Gloucester Times*

The *Gloucester Times* had a great story in yesterday's paper about Harold and the shipwrights who volunteer here. It has been a great experience having so much support and help and the article written by Stephen Fletcher really captured it all. Here is the link to the whole story:

Zach Teal and Chuck Redman get a look at the plank lines from the stern.



## Pinky Schooner *Ardelle* Takes Shape

<http://www.gloucestertimes.com/local/x532735381/The-Ardelle-takes-shape-Volunteers-help-Essex-Burnham-raise-new-schooner>

Wednesday, February 16

## Taking a Long Look at the Plank Lines

During a day of planking, cutting, planing and steaming frames some time must be spent studying the plank lines to assure that the planking lines up well. The experienced naked eye can assure a shipwright that the lines are straight and fair. Everyone working on the boat takes a moment to look at each plank after it has been clamped on and then Harold makes the call. After the plank is lined up, Harold fastens it to the frames using a few bronze screws. Then the shipwrights drill holes through the plank and the frames for it to be fastened with wooden trunnels driven in by sledgehammers. We go through a lot of trunnels each day. Harold's father says the old shipwrights could hammer a trunnel through in seven strokes.



Harold studies the plank line. He is not frozen over, just covered in sawdust and wood chips.



Once the plank is trunnel fastened the ends are sawn off. The trunnel ends are saved and used as tickets for a charter!



The trunnels are into the frame as the shipwrights fasten another plank. Eventually the trunnels are cut off and a wedge is put in.



Here is a good example of what a trunnel looks like on the other side, in this case it is through a frame.

Today's time lapse photo shows how the planks are going on.







The wedges in the trunnels here are called blind trunnels, they don't go all the way through a frame but settle deep into the wood. These are more the exception than the rule as most of the trunnels are hammered into the frame and out again.

## Friday February 18 Getting up off the Ground

The shipwrights are now on the seventh strake and Justin Ingersoll has cut nearly every plank! Harold says pretty soon it is going to look like a real boat. He has been gathering up jack stands and getting ready to build the staging as the planks rise. Leaving the ground may be in part a good thing as Harold and many of the shipwrights have been working long hours standing on 16" of ice. Today we have a warm one so their ice foundation will start to slowly turn into mush, we're not sure which is worse!

Chuck Redman now building the sails for the schooner. Sailmaking is something of a solitary job, but anyone who has ever worked in a sail loft knows that it is a very satisfying kind of work. Chuck is doing a great job on the sails and also is able to come down from the loft to help with the planking.

The planking process is long but each day the work progresses well now and Harold is pleased with the pace. We've had good luck with the steam jenny and steam box and with a lot of really capable hands helping out Harold will get two more planks on before calling it a day. With the snowstorms in the past and temperatures in the 30s, the building has been a lot less hard going.

Chuck Redman is making the main sail for the *Ardelle*.



Four strakes were on the stern when this photo was taken.

## Thursday February 24 Breaking the Back of Winter

Our New England weatherman said that we may "break winter's back" this coming week as we will soon enter the month of March, but as anyone who lives here knows, breaking winter's back means mud, rain, and a raw spring. Anyway, bring it on, as these shipwrights have been working outside all winter long, often starting around 7:30am with two breaks each day at 10am and noon. The Burnham house has a small ship's bell outside the door, which is rung at those times. At 10am Harold yells, "Mug Up" which, to us, means a coffee break. Here on Cape Ann it is a favored expression among our shipwrights. At Mug Up here, they get to hear some good Newfoundland stories from Bernie Power or learn about his home in Prince Edward Island. Sometimes the conversation drifts towards the Caribbean and some char-

The sea beckons!



acters there and Ireland and the Dalmatian Coast or we talk about making chowder but mostly it is just about friendship and conversation which, as we New Englanders say, is "the finest kind."

The Mug Up this past Saturday brought a good group of people to the yard and some stayed as long as they could stand the cold. As mud season approaches we still have a bit of high ground so people can spend a little more time here. We have also been hearing from some younger shipwrights who would like to come and work here. It would be great to meet all of you... and over a Mug Up we can tell you more about the set up. We are so lucky to have so many great and talented people helping us and thank to all!



A view of the stern.

## Friday February 25 Video of First Plank Hanging.

The *Cape Ann Beacon's* editor Kirk Williamson has done a great video of the first plank being put on the schooner *Ardelle*. Have a look:

<http://www.wickedlocal.com/essex/multi-media/videos/x93952943/Hanging-the-First-Plank-on-the-Ardelle>



## The International Scene

The recent overthrow of Mubarak's reign in Egypt left Suez Canal transits, port operations, and vessel movement largely unaffected despite some labor strikes. The SuMed pipeline and all oil and gas terminals also operated normally.

The US Coast Guard granted storm-avoidance requests from at least five foreign cargo ships that desired to shelter behind Aleutian Islands from 27'-31' waves and winds gusts up to 100mph.

A Russian firm will send more Aframax and suezmax tankers carrying Russian oil from Murmansk to Ningbo, China, via the northern route next year. The 23-day voyage of 5,610 miles is 14 days shorter than the 13,110-mile regular route using the Suez Canal.

## Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships capsized and/or sank: The tank barge *Waldhof* flopped on its side while transiting a tight bend in the Rhine River near the famed Lorelei rock and that closed the river. Two of four crewmen were never found. Its cargo of 2,400 tons of sulfuric acid was a problem to both salvors and river traffic for the next month and more. Hundreds of vessels waited upriver while the wreck was sort of stabilized after a couple of weeks of work and only then were smaller vessels allowed to creep by. (The revenue loss for a Rhine vessel averages about □4,000 or about \$5,400 per day.)

In Indonesia off the east coast of Palaun Bintan, the asphalt tanker *AB9* reported it was listing and then it sank, but the crew of 14 was rescued by the Indonesia Navy.

In Malaysia, all 18 members of cargo ship *Soon Bee II*s crew were found alive on the beach at Kampung Kabong after their ship sank.

Off northern Japan, the small tanker *Seiyoh* radioed that it was in distress and then sank. Four of its crew of five were saved by the Japanese Coast Guard but the chief engineer subsequently suffered a fatal heart attack.

Ships ran aground: In one week, both ships of a New Zealand coastal shipping company ran aground. The *Spirit of Endurance* went ashore in Lyttelton Harbour when its engine failed and, due to an electrical fault, the *Spirit of Resolution* nosed into soft mud in Manukau Harbor, Auckland's second harbour. In spite of these problems, the company maintained that it was operating in a safe and professional manner.

Ships collided or allided: While undergoing tests off the shipyard in the southeastern port of Ulsan, an 88,000-ton container ship collided with the 1,500-ton Cambodian flagged freighter *Alexandra*. One sailor was rescued, four died, and seven were missing from the sunken ship. Strangely enough, the container ship was not identified in any news account, perhaps because it may have been a brand new local product.

At Poti, Georgia, the cargo ship *Gregory Petrovsk* lost control during a storm and ran into a pier and broke in two. The crew of 11, including a female, was saved.

In the US off Massachusetts, the 51' local fishing boat *Michael Brandon* ran into the 600' freighter *West Bay* and suffered severe bow damage. The ship was undamaged. That night, the FV sank at its pier in Scituate and only parts of its rigging were above the harbor's ice.

Humans were hurt or killed: In Indonesia near Berhala Island, a watchman on the grounded container ship *Baruna Mega* was

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

found dead inside a cargo hold, probably the victim of poisonous fumes.

In the UK, a crewman on the vehicle carrier *Tombarra* died when the ship's rescue boat fell about 30 metres from the top deck into the sea at the Royal Portbury Dock near Bristol. He and three others fell because of a mechanical or equipment failure during an emergency exercise drill.

In New Zealand's Marlborough Sound, a dolphin watch eco tour catamaran ran down a cutter crewed by an Outward Bound crew of youngsters. The boat floated due to its buoyancy tanks but one student suffered a broken leg and others had moderate injuries.

Humans were rescued: A sailor on the carrier *USS Carl Vinson* went overboard but was spotted by a lookout. A helicopter pulled the sailor out of the water in less than 20 minutes. But in the Gulf of Oman, a female sailor on the guided missile destroyer *USS Halsey* failed to report for duty and her body was later found floating in the water.

In the Gulf of Oman, the frigate *HMS Iron Duke* raced 170 miles to help a badly injured Korean fisherman on the *Golden Lake*. He was unconscious after suffering bad facial damage from a broken wire.

Other events: The container ship *MCP Altona* was en route to China when some of its containers shifted and two drums filled with uranium concentrate broke open. The ship returned to Ladysmith, British Columbia, where experts were waiting to clean up the low radiation substance. Once the ship was ruled to be clean, all drums were returned to the Canadian mine of origin for a careful check of their integrity.

## Gray Fleets

In 2009, the guided missile cruiser *USS Port Royal* was fresh out of the repair yard (where the bill was \$18 million) and on its first day of sea trials when it ignominiously and conspicuously ran aground next to a runway at the Honolulu International Airport. It took several days to remove the warship and the Navy later paid over \$40 million to the State of Hawaii plus \$6.5 million for repairs to the reef, cementing nearly 5,400 coral colonies back in place and removing 250 cubic yards of debris. Failure to recalibrate navigation equipment was cited as cause of the grounding but an investigating board crisply noted that the warship's navigation wonks might have used visual cues (such as the control tower of the airport) to help determine the ship's location.

In the UK, the newly commissioned and very expensive nuclear powered attack submarine *HMS Astute* continued to suffer indignities. The horrors of its recent grounding in Scotland during a crew change were replaced by a failure of the sub's sewerage system. It returned to its base at Faslane for six week's of repairs to toilets and a weapon system.

The Australian Navy had 38 of its 54 vessels unable to operate at full capacity for at least some of the first six months of last year. And a female sailor on the submerged Australian submarine *HMAS Waller* had a

lucky escape when a green signal flare accidentally ignited while she was loading it into a launch tube. Although her arms were seriously burned, she and the sub escaped further damage as the boat went to emergency stations and made a dash for the surface.

In South America, a female naval cadet's fall from the rigging to her death on the German Navy's training barque *Gorch Fock* triggered much nasty and childish behavior. One example: The remaining cadets claimed that the training ship's master had shown little emotion at her death and had called her death unlucky but normal, like an airplane crash, and so they refused to go aloft. In response, he claimed that they were products of video game playing childhoods and were not fit to be sailors. They were flown back to Germany, he was relieved of command, and a committee will determine whether the ship can ever resume its role as a training ship and ambassador for Germany.

## White Fleets

An American passenger from the *Ryndam* was killed at Belize while on a snorkeling trip when she was chopped up by the excursion boat's propeller.

Eighty passengers on the *Polar Star* had their Antarctic trip disturbed when the ship hit an uncharted rock while anchoring near Detaile Island off the Antarctic Peninsula. The contact opened "a minor breach in the outer hull" but that was enough to cancel the voyage and at least one future voyage. The passengers were dumped on South Shetland Island while the vessel limped back to Ushuaia after "temporary repairs." South Shetland Island is home to many international research stations but has no scheduled air service.

## They That Go Back and Forth

The crowded Indonesian ro-ro/pax ferry *Laut Teduh 2* caught fire, possibly from a cigarette butt thrown on the deck, while en route to Sumatra. Although 427 passengers were saved, at least 11 died and nearly 200 were injured, many as they jumped into the sea.

On Columbia's Magdalena River a tugboat collided with the ferry *El Titanic* and six adults and three children went missing although a man and a woman were rescued shortly afterwards.

A man was known to have boarded the ferry *European Highlander* at Larne in Northern Ireland because he was part of a bus transported party but the driver reported that he did not disembark at Cairnryan in Scotland, so a massive search was triggered. After a thorough search of the ferry and searches by a helicopter and three lifeboats, it was decided that he may have left the ship in a different vehicle.

In the US, a 71-year-old man removed his coat, climbed the railing of a New York bound Skystreak ferry, and jumped but soon afterwards he was quite willing to grab a boathook and be pulled out of the water. Cold water will have that effect.

While berthing in Heysham, the Isle of Man ferry *Ben-My-Chree* was hit by a powerful gust of wind and made a heavier than usual contact with the fenders on the dock. The incident was relatively minor and did not cause any injuries to passengers. High winds also forced the ro-ro/pax ferry *Larkspur* into a mudbank at Ramsgate.

Starting in June, a new vessel, the UK's first hydrogen powered ferry, will carry up to 12 passengers at Bristol for at least six months.

A license plate reader on a Seattle ferry was the reason why state police arrested a man as he drove off the ferry in a van with stolen plates.

### Legal Matters

A federal judge ruled that the river barge that landed on top of several homes in New Orleans's lower 9<sup>th</sup> ward during Hurricane Katrina did not break the floodwall but he also said that employees of the barge owner could have done more to prevent damage.

### Imports

The freedom dash of ten Dominican Republic stowaways was drastically slowed by cold weather after they arrived at Port Chickasaw, Alabama, on a barge. They had been spotted from the tug *Annie T. Cheramie* and, after an all night search, were found huddled and half frozen in a container yard. They were hospitalized for hypothermia and then charged.

### Nature

Premature silting of the Mississippi River's Southwest Pass, the main channel for river shipping to reach the Gulf of Mexico, caused reduction of allowable drafts from 47' to 44'.

### Metal Bashing

Shipping giant Maersk was reported as ready to order ten, possibly 20, super large container ships carrying 18,000 teu, a ship size that has been nicknamed malaccamax. They would be twin engined and fueled by oil, not LNG, and would cost about \$180 million, or about \$10,000 per container slot. But close competitor Mediterranean Shipping has no intention of following Maersk's lead. A malaccamax could only operate between certain Far East and European ports and would use the Strait of Malacca because it is shorter than alternative routes but has a restrictive minimum depth of only 25m or 82'.

Indian ship scrappers paid over \$500 per light displacement ton for two bulkers as some ship owners decided scrapping was more profitable than operating vessels.

Four workers died of burns created by an explosion on the product tanker *Pranam* as it was being scrapped at a Bangladeshi yard. Apparently they were dismantling a fuel tank. Scrapping operations had been limited due to concerns over safety and environmental issues but the deaths caused a quick halt to all negotiations about continuing ship breaking.

Two workers were killed by an explosion at a yard in Sitakunda Chittagong. Officially, the ship was not being scrapped but photos showed that extensive plating had been removed. The explosion may have been caused by a warming fire made by watchmen or a gas cylinder may have exploded.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somali pirates are being divided into two general categories: Unskilled onshore opportunists such as fishermen and, farther offshore, highly trained ex military types. As a result, pirate tactics have become increasingly aggressive and include the use of torture and even deliberate execution. Some security sources believed that the use of mother ships will soon see pirates able to strike east of Sri Lanka, an island off the eastern tip of India.

The seizure of the VLCC tanker *Irene SL* in the Gulf of Aden, the eighth attack on

vessels of this type in a limited geographical area in four weeks, caused experts to declare that Somali pirates were deliberately singling out tankers on the exit route out of the Strait of Hormuz during the monsoon season. Four of the ships were captured. Fully laden tankers are extremely easy to board, and the high value of their cargoes present a great temptation to pirates.

There were wins and losses during the month. Perhaps typical was when Indian forces destroyed the pirate mother ship *Prantalay 14* off the Lakshadweep islands, arrested 15 pirates, and rescued 20 fishermen of Thailand and Myanmar nationalities, who had been held hostage since *Prantalay* was hijacked in April last year. It was used by the pirates to launch attacks on merchant vessels passing along the island chain and had been photographed towing 14 skiffs. *INS Cankarso* (a recently commissioned water jet fast attack craft) was directed to intercept and investigate. The mother ship did not respond to radio calls so *Cankarso* fired a warning shot across its bows. Then *Prantalay* opened fire, which the warship returned. A fire broke out on the mother ship and personnel were seen jumping overboard. *Prantalay* is one of three fleet-mate tuna trawlers held by pirates, who had demanded a \$9 million ransom for each of the three. Five of the *Prantalay's* crew died of malnutrition and two were shot and dumped overboard during the long months of captivity.

The Malaysian Navy foiled an attempt on the chemical tanker *Bung Laurel* and captured seven Somalis. Three of the pirates were wounded during a gun battle.

And the South Korean Navy recovered the hijacked tanker *Samho Jewelry*. A destroyer pursued the vessel for nearly a week and then commandos stormed into action. All 21 crewmen were rescued unhurt except for the master, who had been shot in the stomach, but eight of 13 pirates were killed.

The US Navy's guided missile destroyer *USS Momsen* and cruiser *USS Bunker Hill* responded to a call from the Panama flagged cargo ship *Duqm*, under attack by pirates trying to board from two skiffs. The warships chased the pirates back to a mother ship and then (fun for the gunner's mates!) destroyed the skiffs.

But not all attempts were successful. The German heavy lift vessel *Beluga Nomination* was hijacked and the crew hid in a citadel. But two days later, the pirates blew their way in and the crew was taken hostage. Then Seychelles and Dutch forces tried to retake the ship but failed. One pirate was killed and a crewman was shot.

If you're a middle-aged Dutch couple sailing your way around the world on your 60' sailboat *Alondra*, wouldn't you feel justified in asking the Royal Navy for a warship escort while you transit waters rife with Somali pirates? The Royal Navy disagreed, feeling that devoting a warship to a dedicated escort for up to three weeks was "totally unrealistic." The couple then riposted that, "It's like asking for help from the police and being told you are not eligible." (The Dutch couple had previously sailed with the British couple that were captured by Somali pirates and held for over a year so they are not completely naïve.

Not all pirates were Somalis. In Nigeria, the Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta (MEND), Nigeria's main militant group, threatened to renew attacks on the oil and gas sector because of the appointment of Kingsley Kuku as the Presidential Adviser on the Niger Delta.

### Odd Bits

There are many ways to become an international hero and driving a tugboat can be one. In Australia, Brisbane's floating boardwalk was a great tourist attraction until massive floods recently tore it loose. The two-man crew of the small tugboat *Mavis* volunteered their services to maneuver a long stretch of the drifting boardwalk safely under the city's Gateway Bridge as TV watched and thousands cheered.

Africa's oldest floating ship, the 1898 steamer, *Chauncy Maples*, will not only be preserved but it will serve as a mobile health-care clinic on Lake Malawi. The vessel was built in England and brought to its operating site in sections. The 11-ton boiler, fitted with a wheeled carriage, was hauled 64 miles overland by 450 Ngone tribesmen (averaging three miles a day) while other parts were carried on the heads of men and women.

College researchers are investigating squid, trying to determine how the cephalopods shift their colors to match a background. Understanding such a "dynamic camouflage" could be of extreme value to the US Navy.

What are the two most popular liberal arts colleges in the US? The answer will surprise many. Tops is the US Naval Academy followed by West Point, the Army's equivalent school.

Get-rich quick schemes to get untraceable millions out of strange countries are plentiful but one recent offer (from Spain, yet) used the name of Admiral Mike Mullen (he's the US Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) as needing help in sneaking a puny twenty-three million, six hundred thousand dollars out of Pakistan.

Sometimes your children bite you. Such was the case with the British research vessel *James Cook*, whose remotely operated vehicle or ROV, a hunk of machinery anthropomorphically named *Iris*, contacted the ship's port propeller. This was noticed when part of the ROV's buoyancy package floated to the surface. The propeller was undamaged but will be monitored. *Iris* suffered serious damage and was inoperable.

A five-man, one-woman British rowing team established a trans Atlantic record by rowing 3,000 miles in 31 days, 23 hours, and 31 minutes. As a finishing touch, one male rower knelt on the beach and proposed marriage to his girlfriend, who had flown to Barbados to meet the team. She accepted. For those desiring to emulate the team, their course was from Tenerife to the Barbados and the boat was rowed at all times.

A British Navy helicopter rescued a man who fell 1,000' down Scurr Choinnich Mor. He was standing up and reading a map and was virtually unharmed when the chopper crew spotted him at the Ayrshire mountain's base.

### Headshaker

A British fisherman on the *FV Royal Sovereign* discovered a 20' torpedo floating five miles off Beachy Head and near a busy cross Channel shipping lane. He took photos of it with his mobile phone and forwarded them to authorities. They reported back that the device's explosive charge had corroded off and it was safe, and so he towed it in. The barnacle covered torpedo was identified as a British Mk 9 device, it had a stamp showing it had been checked and tested in 1955, and it was believed to have come from a wreck. So the Big Question is: Why has the Royal Navy been using torpedoes to create wrecks in peacetime?



(There was a very flattering email from Editor Keith recently inviting me to expound on my boat, *Ms Tit Willow*. My initial reply was that she was hardly a shining example of an open dinghy, but he assures me that the DCA is a "broad church," sufficiently beamy to include my pocket cruiser, so here is the story.)

My own origins are dinghy enough: taught to sail by my father in a Chichester Harbour Fourteen Footer, I was basically competent (though decidedly undersize) by the age of six or so and have been trying to stay afloat happily ever after, interfered with only by the necessity to earn a crust. There have been a string of dinghies since, some of them racers, I have to confess, but the pride of this serial fleet was actually rather larger, a 28' gaff-rigged Falmouth Oyster Dredger.

Don't worry, my Dear Old Dad hated racing as much as the best of you and I was given a number of very exacting instructions in this regard. My current theory on racing will have to be presented under separate cover and you might not like it; there's a challenge.

My Honey and I took the Oyster Dredger on an adventure down to the Mediterranean and back and sadly sold her thereafter for lack of use. Immediately we took a job in Muscat, Oman, and wished we had a cruiser to take advantage of all the sun, sea and sand we were presented with. Well bother.

So, daydreaming on a desert shore, I wondered about an ideal cruiser and doodled a simple, three strakes a side, steel hull with an extensive list of "druthers" incorporated, intending to take advantage of my situation at the Royal Navy of Oman's main base and maintenance yard. This vessel would have been 32½' long with a centreplate for windward work and tandem rigs to keep the sails small enough to be sat upon in an emergency, ideally 200sf each, but in view of the bulk of the beast, 250sf; a total of 1,000sf feet in four sails, including a mizzen staysail. Anyway, that was the theory.

While I have sailed a fair selection of worthy craft and have more marinated opinions than a buoy has barnacles, I have never had any lessons in naval architecture; so this could reasonably be designated as guesswork. I was satisfied with the look of what I had drawn, so I reckoned the next step was a model. Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, and I produced a 4' radio-controlled version, which obligingly encouraged me to continue.

## The Envelope Expands

By Chris Waite  
Reprinted from the

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I had only an annually renewable contract at the approval of the Omani Navy and was looking at at least a two-year build. I had better be pretty sure; who needs that much egg on their face and several tons of potentially useless metal sitting on a beach in the Middle East? I reckoned on a half-scale prototype to test the hull shape, as being the more sensible option.

### A Half Scale Prototype

Now we're getting down to DCA sizes. Such a boat could be built in the garden out of something I could manage. The local one-camel village had several builders' merchants stocking weatherproof ply, so I chose representative samples and boiled small chunks of each in salt water, last one to fall apart got the order. They also stocked redwood bare ungraded and I spent hours rifling through the stacks choosing the best bits. Interestingly softwood was more difficult to come by. I was given some seriously out of date West System™ epoxy, which had been kept in a sweltering garage for rather over five years and found that, down near Muscat, Jotun Paints were selling two-part epoxy for sealing concrete floors, as well as two-part polyurethane paint. My supply lines were secured.

Opting to omit alternate frames from the original design, I slightly foreshortened the half-scale for two good reasons. Firstly it would allow for a single butt joint in the top plank and secondly she would fit in the garage at home. Taking the space between frames from one metre (39") down to a yard (36") proved to be a waste of good boat, so I struck upon 37.5". This allows 6'3" between two frames and that is enough for an average sort of bloke to lie down in.

The Minister of the Interior had decided that, though we had access to Naval Drascombe Longboats, she wanted something with a modicum of shelter, so I reckoned to complete this prototype as a well-

cuddled gaff sloop. *Tit Willow* has a locker right up behind the stem, then her saloon starts at the first bulkhead, wide enough for two pairs of feet. This less-than-entirely-voluminous space reaches back two frames further to her widest beam, sleeping length. It has a sole, a mast strut and the forward end of the centreplate case, which angles down from the companionway to the keel moderately steeply. This provides a location for a small central perch from which to survey one's domain. Bunks take the form of demountable net pipe-cot berths on each side, of which the port one is only set in case of guests and usually gives way in favour of a small gas stove on a folding gimbal.

### Working in a Thatched Shed

At this stage I had no more excuses, so helped by the cat, I started to build. Summers in Oman are horrendous, soaring temperatures and incredible humidity, going outside is akin to being mauled by a pack of freshly boiled kettles. My darling missus was still home in England, so I rolled back the lounge carpet and boded out a keel, complete with stem and stern posts, a centreplate case and a skeg. I also knocked up the necessary frames and taking a suitably shaped piece of ½" ply, I Spanish-windlassed it groaning across a baulk of driftwood, then threw it out into the garden for a week or two, regularly hosing it down to produce a gently curved transom. On the return of the Minister of the Interior, I was similarly cast out and forced to continue under a homemade, open-sided shed thatched with palm fronds.

Feeling my inexperienced way along, I framed and chined her upright. Realizing it would be easier, a cockpit which accounts for two more lying out inter-frame spaces was also installed before I decided to drag her out of the shed and turn her upside down for planking up. Experts will have already noted the distinct lack of support. Though things might have gone a bit wavy, it required less accuracy in lining it all up over multiple frames, having only four in total; the notion was to go on thickening up the planks until framing was almost a luxury. Garboard first; as it has quite a twist under the forefoot; I eventually laminated it up from three layers of 6mm ply. The bilge strake got a layer of 9mm plus one of 6m and the sheer strake was a single 12mm thickness. Everything above the gunwale, decks, cuddy and cockpit coaming was all from 9mm board.

### Afloat to the Sound of Music

Boat building is a long and tedious business, particularly when you haven't a clue what you're up to; some 2½ years of generous spare time in this case. Eventually she was ready for the water, minus rig, rudder and plate, but with her tune (thank you Mr Sullivan) played by a small brass ensemble, she took to the briny with head held high. Rampant in fact; she needed a load more ballast forward to bring her down to her marks. I reckon she has about one-third of a ton; most of which is removable.

While home on leave, I bought a previously-loved gunter lug main from a Westerly 22 and a jib from something else, as I wasn't sure enough to lash out on a new custom fit. Dragging my trophies back out to Muscat I set them up, and with my girl on board, we tentatively cast off. Our little boat obligingly slid from her mooring, tacked without hesitation in the lee of a motor gunboat on the next pontoon



and lolloped off upwind; I was thrilled. We spent the next few hours, well into the darkness, pootling around the harbour, guffaws of relieved laughter echoing into the gloom and disturbing roosting seagulls.

### New Tan Sails

After the next home leave, I returned with a brand new tan twin-set, a high peaked gaff and working jib; 120sf and 40sf apiece. Actually, I also brought with me a new 80sf genoa, which she loves and, better still, a boom-mounted, top-opening, sail cover that works with double topping lifts and a couple of pairs of lazyjacks. This has to be the, but the, best piece of sail handling kit we could own, rendering the main exceptionally well-behaved under any conditions we care to mention; reefing is a doddle. We did some stuff out there, but the wind tended to be light and fluky, whatever we were sailing, though she rapidly shaped up to be, in the words of another old gaffer, "no slouch," and able to cope with a breeze.

Next, lifting the 40lb model from a high shelf and twisting round, while standing on a table and surrounded by paint pots, I slipped a disc. With the disc went my window of opportunity to build the original steel notion; that will remain forever the one that got away. A shame, because I think she would have been quite the boat.

However, I still had *Tit Willow*, so I brought her home and after a few other temporary locations, she has eventually ended up spending her seasons at Dell Quay Marine. At this stage I have some discouraging words for anyone eyeing her too carefully: she's lovely and good, but sitting in cruising trim, in excess of the launching trolley she sits on, she weighs in at around a ton and a quarter. So far every interested party has turned away at this point.

### Trolley, not Moorings

Despite her avoidupois meaning I have to float her on and off her conveyance, I still keep her on a trolley because I don't like scrubbing weed, I don't like antifouling, I don't like paying those insurance premiums or mooring fees, and I don't like the thought of her going adrift. Also, I'm not keen on her grinding around on the foreshore with the tide and I suspect that more boats are broken into on their moorings than ashore; not that there's much to nick.

The endearing lines of *Tit Willow*, seen to perfection from this angle, are enough to inspire a man to song.



Although *Tit Willow* is unique and a credit to her designer-builder, she is clearly located in the British small boat tradition, as her side elevation shows.

Anyway, I think she has become my favourite out of the entire Waite fleet. I suppose like the fruit of one's loins, (not that I have ever been mature enough to have any), she is entirely my own, she is the bravest, sweetest little vessel imaginable. She has a hull speed of about 5 knots which she approaches easily with even the lightest wind; though no faster (it would not be lady-like). She has been out in a capful of wind and reefed down to 40sf on the main with 10sf on a spitfire jib and still tacked, carefully but without question. Checking on the Bramblemet archives, while we were out dur-

ing the Solent Old Gaffers Regatta this year, it actually gusted to 37 knots at one stage.

She has comfortably brought me back over Chichester Harbour bar when I have been scared stiff, and yet will willingly sneak up to the head of the Beaulieu River. I must say she is a small yacht, not a large dinghy, and carries her way; also we do not do corners, we do graceful swoops.

Would I change anything? I moved the scuttles from the top strake up to the cuddy sides a couple of years ago, but otherwise I don't think so, actually.

			<i>TIT WILLOW - The Song</i>	
	ft-ins	metres	At a dock, by a river, a little boat lay	
LOA	18	5.49	Named - Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
LOD	15 - 6	4.73	And I thought as I went wand'ring past her one day	
LWL	14 - 6	4.42	Oh, Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
Beam	6	1.83	Are you Dabber or Crabber, I tried to decide	
(Excl. rubbing strakes)			Or Winkler or Shrimper or odd Eventide?	
Draught, Plate Down	4	1.22	With a shake of her little tan sails she implied,	
Draught, Plate Up	1 - 6	0.46	No, I'm Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
	Sq ft	Sq m	The waves lapped at her chines as they slid past her bow	
Sail Area			Chuckling - Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
Main	120	11.15	And precipitation bespangled her prow	
(Full, & reefed in 3rds)			Wet Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
Genoa	80	7.43	Some weird gaff-rigged clog's the impression she gave	
Working jib	40	3.72	As she made her way out o'er the billowy wave	
Total	200	18.59	And a picture arose, for the memory to save	
			Of Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
Ballast	770lbs	385kg	Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name	
(Partly Removable)			Isn't Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow	
- Centreplate		53kg	'S'n improbable name for a boat just the same	
- Forefoot		45kg	To be Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
- Fwd Bilge		200kg	Made from suspect epoxy and very cheap ply	
- Mid Bilge		37kg	By a rather strange doctor, though heaven knows why,	
- Fixed concrete in skeg		50kg	I can see that she floats, but she surely won't fly -	
			Wee Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow.	
Displacement	2800lbs/1272.72kgs			
(in cruising trim)	1.25 tons			
(For racing trim I hunch forward a bit and swear like a trooper.)				
She also has oars for rowing, or more usefully, for sculling, and a 3.3HP outboard.				
			CW	

# The East End Classic Boat Society

## Beginning the New Year

By Ray Hartjen



Here we are at the beginning of a new year with a great deal on our plate. The boat shop is busier than ever. Weekly challenges expand our horizons as we work our way through construction and restoration projects. It is a delight and pleasure to work with our committed members who solve each issue as it arises. New boats amazingly come together while old ones are restored and in the process new tools are invented. What a great and dynamic setting.

In addition, our message is reaching a much broader audience. Often telephone calls are received from individuals who have heard of our skills and hope we will be willing to complete a restoration project that had gotten beyond their skill level. We very carefully review each potential donation of a boat and only accept a few that either expand our resources or our financial base through resale. Both aspects of donations have contributed to our well-being.

Spring is time for you to visit our shop and see it in action. We are open every Wednesday and Saturday from 9am-2pm year-round except for those days or weekends when we are away promoting our organization and selling boat raffle tickets. I look forward to meeting you in person at the boat shop!

Your Skipper, Ray Hartjen

## Sunshine Tender 2011 Raffle Boat



Working on the mold of the Sunshine Tender, from left to right: Don Schreiber, Burt Van Deusen, and Richie Davgin.

We are making slow but steady progress on getting out the parts for this beautiful boat. Since we plan to make several of these boats over the years, we are creating patterns for each part; e.g., transom, stern post, sub keel, stem, and stem knee. In some cases we are actually cutting two pieces as we have with the sub keel. In that instance the stock was twice as thick as was required. As a result, when we ran the stock through the band saw we had two matching parts, one of which is set aside for the next boat. We have the parts for two daggerboard trunks, but they will not be added to the hull if we are behind schedule. Our goal is to have a 90% completed boat by mid-June, the date of our first showing in Montauk. If we meet this goal or better it, then every effort will be made to build in its sailing rig.

36 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2011

## Beetle Cat Restoration



Since half of the work requires a member to be under the boat to drive home the new screws, we have purchased a crawler such as is found in an auto repair shop. A second one was donated by member Ron Ahlers.

The replacement of all the ribs of this 25-year-old boat is progressing at a slow but steady pace. In the picture, Pierce Hance (far right), who is heading up this team, has worked out a system that enables the members to remove several old ribs, clean and prime the area, and screw in new ones. Philip Dobler (far left) is hammering carefully as Craig Humphrey gets set to fasten a new rib in place.

Work was being delayed by their inability to hold a new rib securely while it was being refastened. The group put their heads together and designed a new tool to do the job. Tom Rusko built the tool in his shop and had it on the job the next workday. The tool was so successful in doing what it was designed for, some thought is being given to making it available to the wooden boat building schools across the country.

## Tern – A New Donation

A Herreshoff 12½ Hll #865 Built 1921



Member Kent Miller with the donated Herreshoff. Our thanks to Mark Hughes of Shelter Island for his classic donation.

Excitement spread through the shop when Pierce Hance announced that he had convinced his friend Mark Hughes to donate the Tern, a Herreshoff 12½, to our East End Classic Boat Society. The boat had been stored in Anders Langendal's shop in Greenport for several years. It is our plan to carefully survey the hull, draw up a list of items that require attention, and begin the process of restoration as it fits into our schedule of work that is to some degree backed up; volunteers are always welcome to help move the work schedule along!

We will eventually launch and moor her in Three Mile Harbor with the thought of making her available to members for sailing. We will be buying a new set of sails for her gaff rig. This will be a treasured resource for our members.



# NorseBoat News

By Kevin Jeffrey  
Norseboat Sailing & Rowing Cruisers  
"The Swiss Army Knife of Boats"  
(902) 659-2790  
kjeffrey@norseboat.com  
<http://www.norseboat.com>



The NorseBoat shop in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, is becoming the NorseBoat Small Craft Centre in 2011. Activities at the Centre will include boat building; retail sales of boats, gear and supplies; and owner-builder workshops and other educational programs. Come visit us in Lunenburg if you have the opportunity.

We now have a NorseBoat 17.5 sailing in Spain! Hull #97 was sent to Vigo on the west coast of Spain during summer 2010. Happy owner Jaime Gorbega is shown in one photo, and the other photo is of the NorseBoat 17.5 displaying her high performance and beautiful lines. Note the boomless mainsail, signature curved gaff, and small outboard motor.



One of our "Partially Built" NorseBoat 12.5 Cruiser/Tenders was sent to new owner Wes Van Ewell in North Dakota. Over the winter he will be finishing off his NorseBoat in a heated shop. To our knowledge this will be the first NorseBoat in North Dakota. Welcome to the NorseBoat community, Wes!

The NorseBoat LightCraft Kit program is moving forward. Photos show the Norse Faering 19.5, Hull #2. LightCraft Kits for this craft and the NorseBoat 12.5 and 17.5 will be available soon.



Our NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser is getting some attention from the sailing media and potential customers around the world. *Sail* magazine will be doing a test sail and review of the NorseBoat 21.5 this spring.

The new NorseBoat 17.5 Recreational Rower is now available. This craft incorporates a lower profile version of the standard 17.5 hull. It has one or two sliding seat rowing positions, positive flotation, and enough capacity for gear and a passenger or large dog. The NorseBoat 17.5 Recreational Rower can be used in coastal waters, lakes and rivers. It also provides a stable platform for fishing. A 12.5' model with one sliding seat unit is also available.





Eastern white pine was logged in Michigan and Wisconsin during the period 1830-1920. Long, wide, white pine boards were readily available and this led to the development of several distinctive regional boat types. These included the lumberman's bateau, the Au Sable River boat, and the Muskegon River boat, in Michigan; and in the Prairie du Chien area of Wisconsin, the three-board canoe. On the East Coast, the Banks dory and the sharpie also made use of wide, long white pine boards which were readily available in that area at one time.

The Au Sable River boat was used after the timbering era as a trout fishing boat and is still used for this purpose. It is unique for the way it is handled. The boat is operated from the stern by a guide equipped with a punt pole used to shunt the boat from side to side as it drifts in the current. There is also a length of heavy log chain on a rope. This can be used to slow the boat, or to anchor it, depending on the length of scope used. The boats have no oars or paddles so their use is limited to relatively shallow, meandering streams without white water rapids, and with sand or gravel bottoms which are within reach of the punt pole.

It was customary for the guide to fish in early days and this led to the development of bamboo fly rods with special features as the guide was obligated to fish with only one hand because of the punt pole. The early boats were equipped with two live wells for keeping the catch.

The Au Sable River boats have persisted to the present day. When long, wide, white pine boards were no longer available, builders turned to cypress, and at present tropical hardwood plywoods such as occoume. There are some Au Sable River boat users who prefer boats planked the original way with solid wood. They believe that heavier boats run the river better. Basic data for the boat described here was taken from a cypress planked boat recently rebuilt by Ron Barch and Chris Fluke, of Hastings, Michigan, and their friends. Internet research, using the key words "Au Sable" and "boat" will lead to the websites of several contemporary builders, photos, and other information.

From design and construction viewpoints, the boat is simple. A distinguishing feature is that hull shape is determined by the natural bending of the side planks which have parallel sides. The bow and stern rockers of approximately 3" result from the flared sides and drawing the side planks together at the ends. The boat has two wells, in the present era used for dry gear storage, which are structural elements. The mid portion of the boat between the extremities of the wells is parallel-sided. The well bulkheads are structural members and help form and hold the hull shape.

The boat described in detail here is not a copy, but an interpretation of the Barch boat, with some concessions to modern building materials and methods. This boat is symmetrical in plan and profile views, (the ends are the same), although some contemporary boats have a small transom at the stern.

All materials used in the boat are marine grade plywood. Avoid the use of Douglas fir plywood since rotary cut Douglas fir is subject to checking. Occoume plywood of a 1/2" thickness is a good choice and five sheets are required. One-half inch plywood has been chosen for its weight and to more nearly duplicate the feel of the original planked boats in the water.

## Au Sable River Boat

By Tom Fulk and Ron Barch

Material for the sides is ripped into six 11 7/8" wide strips. Three strips are required for each side and they are spliced using two scarf joints with a slope of at least 8:1. This width permits cutting four plank sections from each sheet of 48" wide plywood, assuming use of a saw blade which gives a 1/8" kerf. The scarfed side panels are cut to the expanded length and shaped at the ends as shown on the drawing.

A master mould pattern is made so that consistency will be achieved in laying out five temporary moulds, four bulkheads, and three frames. This can be made of 1/4" plywood with smoothly sanded edges. The master mould pattern drawing shows an extension of 12" at the top. This will facilitate setting up the moulds on a building bed for those who like to build that way. Doing it this way will require making a 24' ladder assembly of 2"x6" framing lumber and erecting the moulds by providing 2"x4" cross cleats at the station marks to which the moulds can be fastened. The boat will have to be turned after wiring on the bottom to get at the inside chine comers to tape them. Then it will have to be turned again to tape the outside corners, and to fiberglass the hull exterior and paint.

If the boat is built right-side-up, the master mould extension can be eliminated. If built right-side-up, cutting the bottom panels to nearly the finished size will aid in getting the center part of the boat straight. A centerline drawn on the inside of the bottom panel will help align the stems and to center the panel at the moulds. Either method of construction will work just fine, but there are some cost savings in building upright since the building bed is eliminated.

Five temporary moulds and two stems are used to shape the hull and hold planking in place. The moulds can be made of 3/4" particle board as it is cheap and they do not remain in the boat. They must have semicircular cutouts at the chine corners with scabs holding the cutouts in place with screws. These can be removed to facilitate taping the chines inside.

Bevels for the stem liners can be taken from the work. The stem liners can be made of a Douglas fir 4"x4". They should have a 1" wide front face. After beveling the stem liners, planking is glued and screwed to them. Be sure to extend the stem liners at least 1" above the planking for securing ends of the gunwales to them.

Material for the bottom is ripped into 23 7/8" strips with three strips needed. These are spliced into one length using two scarf joints. The bottom panel is then placed under the hull and patterned from the work by tracing around the hull sides. Check the hull for symmetry before marking. After cutting it is wired to the sides. It will save later work if the bottom panel is cut to shape with its inside surface up, and with the saw set to the needed side/bottom bevel. Note: the bottom panels must be cut exactly to size as there is no trim allowance.

The interior chine is made using stitch and tape methods and biaxial tape. Removal of the corners of the temporary moulds permits the passage of tape the full length of the boat. It is useful to use strips of waxed paper over the glued, taped, and filleted comers so

that they can be smoothed by hand before the glue sets. This saves a lot of time sanding to get the edges faired and the chines smoothed overall. The paper can be easily removed when the glue has set overnight.

The temporary moulds are removed one at a time and bulkheads to form the storage boxes are fitted, followed by three frames, all at the station marks shown on the plans. Use the master mould pattern to lay these out to insure consistency in size and shape. The bulkheads can be taped in place or perimeter framing can be used. The fit to the sides and the bottom should be watertight. The storage box bulkheads should have oval access ports cut into them, facing towards the bow for the front box and towards the stern for the rear box. The three frames can be made of 1 1/2" Douglas fir in three parts. They should have glue and two 1/4" carriage bolts at each overlap. Provide limber holes in each frame.

The bottom is stiffened by the addition of closely spaced floors, which could be 3/4"x3" Douglas fir or white oak. These also add weight at the bottom of the boat. A spacing of 16" on centers is about right. They should stop short of the taped chines to permit drainage around the ends when the boat is level or slightly tipped to one side. If occoume plywood is used for the planking, it is best to secure the floors with glue and screws from the outside by screwing up through the bottom so that screws come through the thinner and softer wood into the thicker and harder wood. This also puts the countersinks for the screw heads outside and under the sheathing. If they are placed inside they are a source of entry for water and will eventually be rot points.

The boat is turned, and the wires are pulled. This can be accomplished easily by cutting one end, heating the other with a propane torch, and pulling. The outside chine corners are rounded. If the bevel is sawn as noted previously this will be an easy operation.

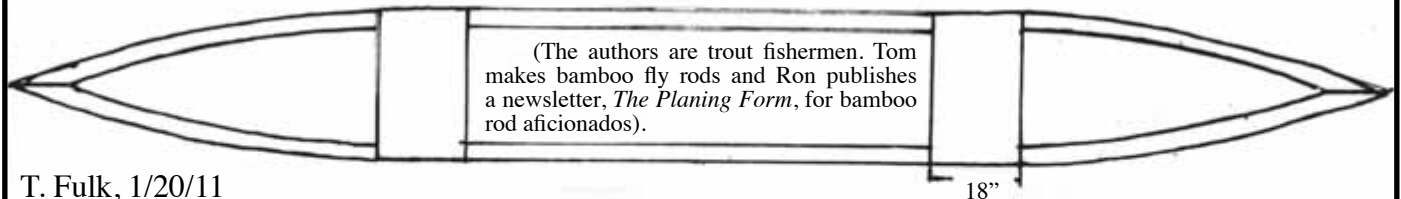
The boat is then fiberglassed outside. The cloth should be set in a low viscosity epoxy resin such as Systems Three Clear Coat. The bottom should use 12oz cloth which comes up 3" on the sides over the chine joint. The upper edges of this cloth are feathered by applying waxed paper and later sanding, and then the entire boat is covered with a fine weave 4oz cloth. This provides a good surface for painting, needed structural reinforcement at the chine, and will reduce maintenance of painted surfaces.

Stem caps of white oak are glued and screwed over the stem and plank edges. Gunwale guards are added. If constructed as shown in the drawing, the gunwales will cover the upper plank edges and prevent decay in the plywood panel caused by water infiltration into the exposed end grain. These parts help stiffen the hull, and provide grips for lifting.

Short decks can be fitted at the ends of the boat. The rear deck needs to be wide enough and strong enough to make a seat for the guide. Contemporary boats often have padded swivel seats mounted on top of the forward storage box and on the rear deck for the guide. Strong dowels are glued to the inside of the three frames to make rod storage racks on each side of the boat. Floorboards or duckboards are optional, but if intended to be used, give some thought to the positioning of the floors so the duckboards are fully supported.

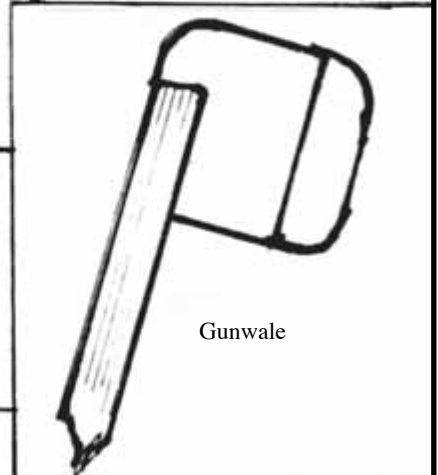
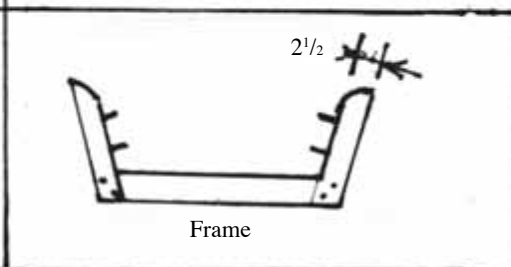
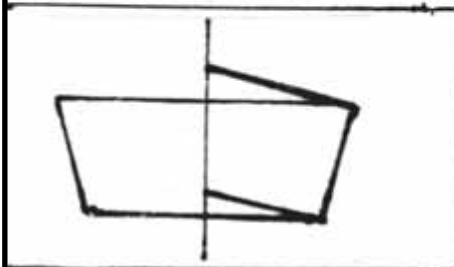
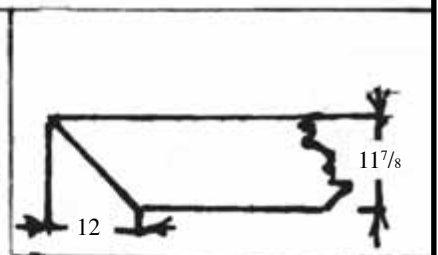
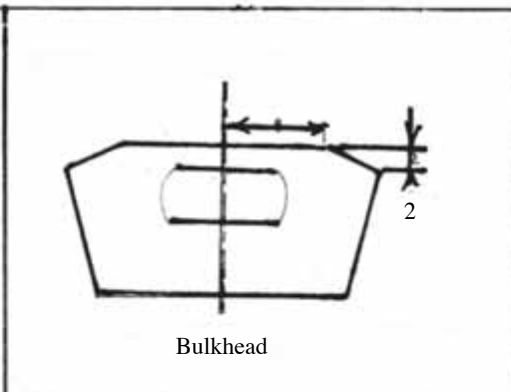
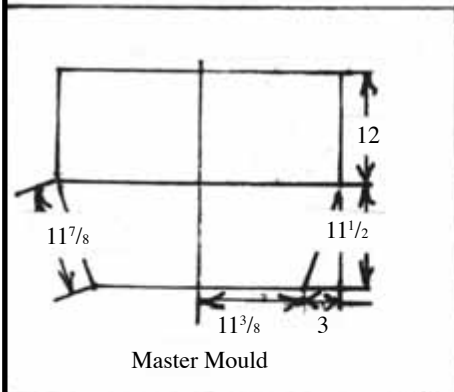
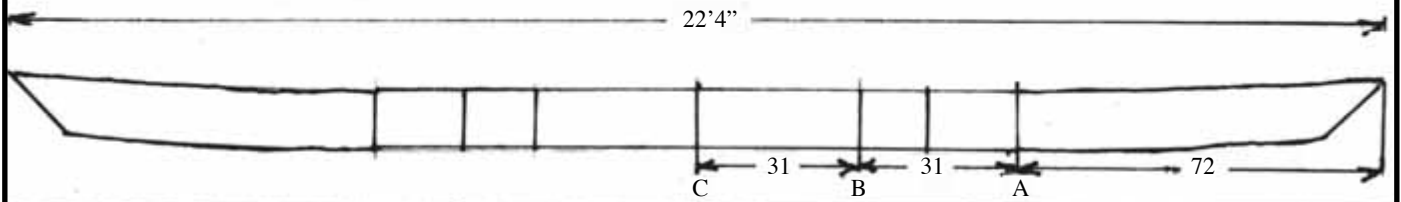
A special trailer will be needed to transport the boat.

Side Planks are 11<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>"x 22'8" Expanded



T. Fulk, 1/20/11  
From Data Provided by  
Ron Barch of Hastings, Michigan

Lines Inside Plank



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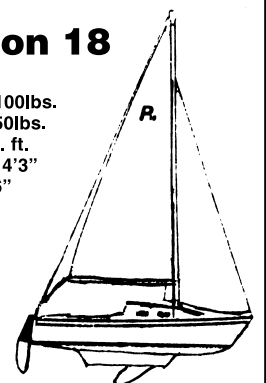
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Many big boys today who are retired, I am sure, can remember some periods of their boyhood days which carried a fascination with the adventure stories surrounding swashbuckling pirates who roamed the Caribbean seas sinking other galleons after having killed and stolen gold and jewels before going on further rampages. Today piracy mainly out of Somalia is far different and much less colourful and romantic than the ships and the methods and indeed the modus operandi of those early years.

There were also women pirates every bit as violent and aggressive as the men, women like Grace O'Malley, Jacquotte Delahaye, Mary Read, and Anne Bonny in 1720, and according to my records held in my still fertile brain there was also Imogene Flora Rose, the much feared rum-drinking and pipe-smoking Captain of her own ship, the brig *Black Rose*. (Hell, man! If I am going to write a far-fetched but plausible story then a legend is vital). Imogene was a muscular woman of African ancestry claiming to have blood lines through slave intermarriage right back to Catherine Hagerty, a notorious pirate who sailed Pacific waters in the early to mid-17th century. Got it? ("ARRRGH! I'll be asking kwes-chuns!")

Born on the island of Saba, though she talked soft and nice in the little church of worship on her island, her manner of talking to a mainly male crew onboard the *Black Rose* was usually accompanied by a verbal barrage of foul expletives, and she commanded her ship, it is said, even in battle always wearing a large brimmed yellow island style hat "to keep dat son of a bitch sun off where I keeps my bloody brains! ARRRGH!" she used to say.

So much for Imogene, now to a specially conceived 2' long constructed replica of the boat, a free sailing model built in Hamilton East in the farming Waikato area of New Zealand by Harry Duncan, a friend of the writer. Built on an idea for a story in the English monthly magazine, *Marine Modelling International's* November issue last year, the 24" model is described as a "Two-Footy" (remember that the Footy boats that have stormed to popularity in various sloop guises are 12"). I wanted the *Black Rose* to look sinister and menacing and while I can take no credit for the wonderful appearance achieved by builder friend Harry Duncan, it is he that created quite a unique little sailing model.

## A Brig Called the *Black Rose*!

A Concocted Tale by Mark Steele



He was to top that effort off with his own excellent photography, a whole range of various shots of the model taken low to the water early at the dawn of several days at a fairly isolated lake in the Waikato area of the North Island of New Zealand. Whereas I confess I have never actually (at the time of writing) even seen the fearsome brig, I



know that it has "hit the spot" and captured the attention and interest of a great many ship modelers, particularly in England, who have ordered Harry Duncan's plans from the magazine. He is also a talented draughtsman who prior to returning to New Zealand had worked in several countries.

Harry wanted to gift me the completed model brig, but with already too many boats in the fleet I dissuaded him. And what of the *Black Rose*, an eight-gun brig principally intended for free sail operation? The model is easily adaptable for RC and Harry has already started to convert the model to operate under radio with plans to increase the dimensions of the mainsail and to add more crew.

Built largely of balsa, the hull is built up plank on frame, each plank cut and then steam-bent using a kettle, then carefully sanded so that they butt together. He has also used a variety of other materials. We wanted a "weathered" appearance and that certainly was achieved with colours dry brushed on and below the waterline in order to simulate weed growth a deep green paint was stippled on. The barnacle encrusted hull effect was achieved by applying a coat of polyurethane wood glue which expands as it cures.

Anyone thinking of building one should obtain a copy of the November issue of the magazine with its colour photographs. As a choice of model it certainly is a refreshing change from ordinary sailing models and which well done will fascinate many when produced and sailed on the pond.



Harry Duncan, kiwi builder, and the brig *Black Rose*.





# Super Dink

## Part 9

By Jim Thayer

Well, we built the Super Dink, we sailed her, and we had problems. When the wind built, she wouldn't tack. Instead of analyzing the situation, and trying innovative cures, I got all flustered as I watched *Lacy E.*, my serious competition, heading for the horizon. As we are often reminded, to keep trying the same thing, hoping for different results is a sign of, well, whatever. I knew right off that I had to move the board aft, but I never got around to really understanding the boat's bizarre behavior.

The other night, having run out of sheep and in no mood to chase them around any more, I resolved to mentally work out some force diagrams, expecting it to put me under in short order. No such luck, but I now understand what was going on.

Fig 1 shows Super Dink on a reach, wind on the port beam. Note the rudder off center to keep the boat moving straight ahead. (called weather helm). The board (lateral resistance) is too far forward so the wind on the sail tries to turn the boat to windward. We won't bother with adding vectors for minor forces which would just complicate things. The fletched arrow shows movement of the boat relative to the water.

Fig 2 shows boat has turned 90° to port, in irons, head to wind. It is moving backward, driven by the friction of the wind on rig and hull. Neither foils in air or water are subject to a lateral force.

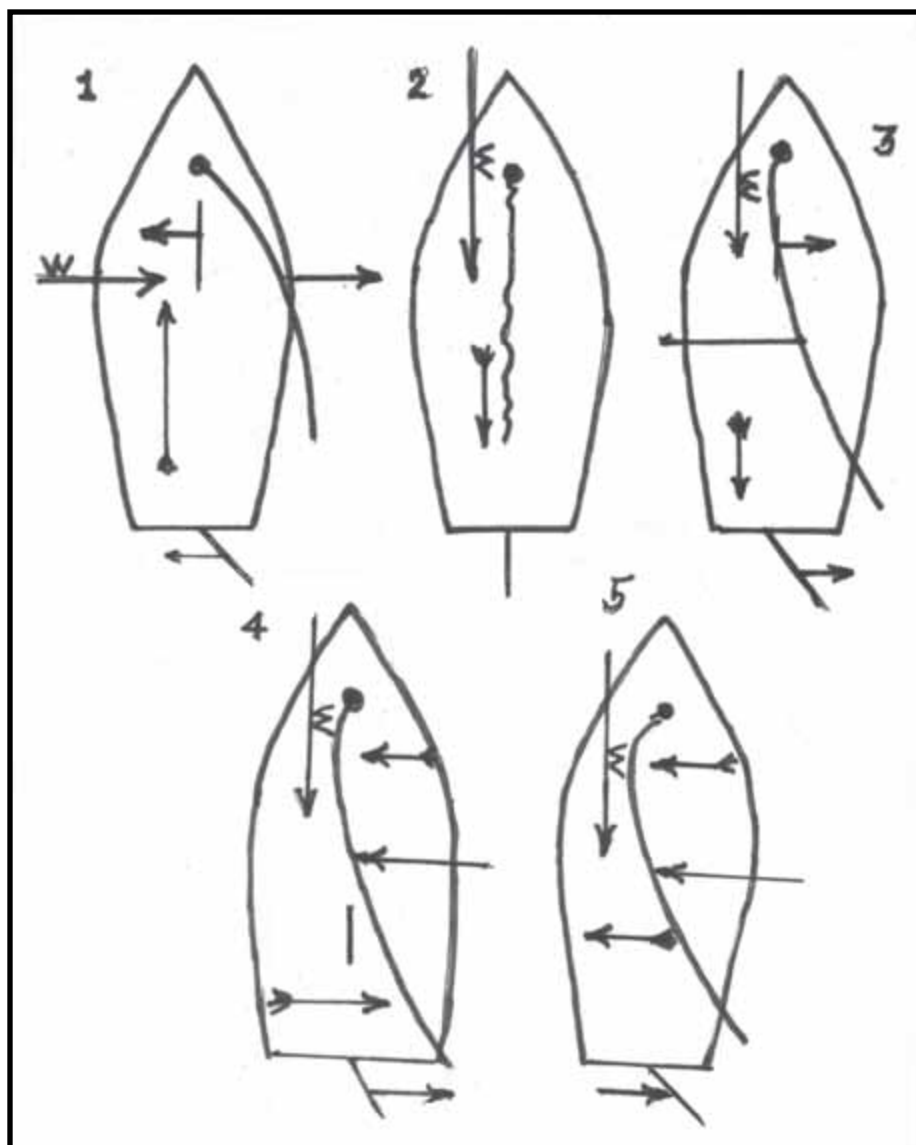
Fig 3 with boat moving backward, the hapless helmsman has reversed the rudder and pushed the boom out to windward (the stream of wind blowing along the starboard side of the boat), expecting the bow to move through the eye of the wind. But the force of the wind on the sail is centered so far aft of the board, and enough greater than the force of the rudder (moving too slowly to have much force) that the boat continues to move more or less backward, still in irons.

Fig 4 shows a properly balanced boat under the same conditions as Fig 3. It pivots about the board and promptly goes off on the new tack.

Fig 5 finally shows how our hapless helmsman gets himself together and pulls up the board so that there is no underwater resistance forward of the rudder. The boat immediately blows off on the new tack, pivoting near the rudder, and Ole Hapless wonders how to explain his pitiful finish. Maybe Experimental Balance Investigations!

I assured you at the start of this series that we wouldn't make any mistakes we couldn't correct. What to do? We could put on a bowsprit and add a jib. That would likely cure the problem, but if not we could simply back the jib. However, the jib people will insist that we install raked shrouds or a backstay or even runners, to keep the headstay taught. And, of course, there are now two more sheets to worry about.

Suit yourself, but I think I will just stick with the board. Although I don't like the big case and the extra work, I might just go with a centerboard. It allows some adjustment of balance and one needn't worry about running into the ground. Maybe I could brace it with a nice table. "Hand me that drill, please."



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For about 40 years now Grand Mesa Boatworks (before that, Thayer & Co) has been building small boats, mostly traditional types with fiberglass hulls and wood fittings. In all modesty, they are most attractive and perform very well.

Most were fitted out with real mahogany, and bronze hardware. We also offered very complete kits for the pulling boats and small sailboats, as well as bare hulls. Business was good and I put in long hours, but with time, I began to slow down. Some of you doubtless have had the same experience. So I have let production dwindle down to the odd boat and fantail steamboat hulls.

In the perverse way things sometimes work out, I now have a big new shop. In a fit of excessive exuberance, I set up a website and resolved to save the world from obesity and carbon dioxide. In many quarters this would be considered a fool's errand, but this magazine you are reading means there is hope. In the February issue, that marketing phenomenon, Chesapeake Light Craft, announces that they have sold their 20,000th kit, a truly remarkable achievement. I'm not sure what to make of it.

When I was doing the boat show circuit, nearly to a man, the excuse was, "I don't have time to build a boat." I often countered by asking how much time they spent watching TV? Not a great sales technique. From time to time there was the odd (I use the term advisedly) fellow who allowed he could do it but he already had five, six, eight boats and his wife would have a fit.

Most kits are promoted as requiring no thought, hardly any effort using only a couple of common tools. They are invariably made of plywood (what would Robb say?) and covered with glass, yet they bask in the wooden boat aura. You are assured that they require little if any maintenance. Well, maybe.

The main reason (really the only reason) to buy a kit boat is to save money. Sure, there is the pride that comes from building an object of beauty but snapping a foolproof kit together hardly qualifies one as an artiste or Old World Craftsman. Sour apples, you say! No. No. It's a perfectly valid approach for a fella who doesn't want to miss his shows.

So, what am I suggesting? Well, if you start off with a nice fair, no maintenance, no rot fiberglass hull, you can fit it out to your taste and be truly creative. You have the per-

## The Kit Conundrum

By JimThayer

fect foundation upon which to build something that is uniquely yours.

But there is the bugaboo of experience, skill, and craftsmanship. Obviously skill and speed come with time and practice, but craftsmanship is a matter of attitude. The beginner can do as well as anybody if he studies the problem, takes his time, and sets himself a high standard. There are tricks and techniques, but no secrets.

Consider our Livery Whitehall, which no less an authority than Maynard Bray considers "one of the nicest models" in the Mystic collection. You are not going to find a plywood hull that treats the water as gently as this baby. If you like, we can supply the hull with the flotation compartments (seats), thwart supports, mast step, etc, all installed so that you need do no glasswork. You need then only install gunnels, oarlocks, thwarts, and hit the water. Most people will doll her up a little. Take a look at the one on our home page at [grandmesaboatworks.com](http://grandmesaboatworks.com) Roughly comparable finished boats will cost from \$3,000-\$10,000 more. Time well spent and pleasant work to boot.

If you lust after something larger, perhaps even with a cabin, trepidation may raise its ugly head. Fear not, it's just more pieces, and depend-

ing on your standard, maybe less exacting. And the clincher, you save way more money.


One intuitively concludes that a nice fiberglass hull must be much more expensive than a small stack of plywood. Not so, as a couple of examples make clear. Out on the left coast a cute little cruiser is making a splash. Just the precut plywood is \$2,400. Across the country, a modest cabin boat is on offer for \$3,350, including epoxy and glass. Bear in mind that you must supply local dimension wood, spars, hardware, paint, and so on. Plus, you may need a clamp or two to hold it all together.

By way of contrast, if I may beat my own drum, we can supply you with the well proven, hand laid, bulletproof (depending on caliber) NINA hull ready to build out, for only \$2,295. Don't fret. We are happy to offer advice, plans, patterns, parts, hardware, whatever you may require. Want to change something? We'll offer an opinion. Need a bigger cabin, place to hide the Porta pot, inboard power? We'll try to help you work it out.


So, set up your spreadsheet and lay out all the costs. Take a guess at the time required, double it, and pay yourself based on how much fun you are going to have. Consider resale value. All done? Time to noodle around the web and jot down some of the breathtaking prices you will find for finished boats. I'll be waiting for your email:

[grandmesaboatworks.com](http://grandmesaboatworks.com),  
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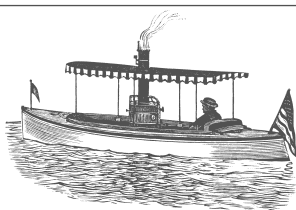
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Rolf Armstrong was one of America's early national champions in International Canoe sport with his race results logged in *The New York Times*. He sailed his *Mannequin* in the 1934 International competition against Uffa Fox and Roger De Quincy of England. Rolf was also a world famous artist who gifted the picture of the "ACA Girl" to the American Canoe Association, shown here as it appeared on the cover of the 1950 *ACA Yearbook*.



Born in Bay City, Michigan, in 1889, Rolf's family moved to Seattle, Washington, when he was a teen. By 1908, he was pursuing an art career in Chicago's Art Institute. He moved on to New York and Paris, seriously studying his craft. In 1921, he went to Minneapolis to study calendar production with Brown and Bigelow. During the '20s and '30s his work appeared not only on calendars, but also on sheet music and magazine covers. Movie stars, such as Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, and Lana Turner posed for him. His list of clients read like a Who's Who of Hollywood. These are some of the well known facts about Rolf Armstrong, who today is considered to be the "Father of Pin-Up Art."



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## Artist Rolf Armstrong Also a Champion Canoe Sailor

By Fay Jordaens  
Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*  
Newsletter of the ACA  
National Sailing Committee



However, the decked sailing canoeists at City Island, New York, knew him as a retired champion canoe sailor. Rolf's participation in ACA races has never been a well known fact to main stream media. In fact, in all the articles currently available, none has classified the boat he loved to sail as a decked sailing canoe.

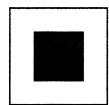
Consider these facts: In 1932 and 1934, after a series of races, he was the Decked Canoe National Champion. In 1933-1934, sailing his ketch-rigged *Mannequin*, he won the Elliot Trophy and took home the Crane Trophy in 1934 and 1938. The Mermaid Trophy was his in 1934 and 1935. In 1933 he won the Mab Trophy. His most successful year was 1934 when he won four trophy races. In five summers of American Canoe Association races he took home nine trophies!

It's easy to assume that he loved to sail; after all, he came to watch us race at City Island Canoe and Yacht Club in the late 1940s and the Miramar Club in the 1950s. He was proud of his record and he should have been, as it was quite extraordinary. Rolf had won all the cov-

eted trophies of his time, except for the internationals (he placed second in one of the 1934 elimination races). He frequented the clubs during Race Week and seemed to enjoy talking shop with all the helmsmen. It was there that I first met him when I was a teenager and he was in his 50s. Our crowd of sailors seemed to know little about his magnificent Pin-Up Art covers for which he was world famous!

Sometime in the 1940s he paid homage to his prize winning 18' *Mannequin* when his favorite model, Jewel Flowers, posed for a painting titled "Figured to Win." The painting was privately held and not released to the public until a few years ago. In this work, Jewel posed on land on a 7' hiking board, in the painting one can see details of an open cockpit, hooped rings on the mast, and in the distance, other decked canoes racing after her. Documented photographs show Rolf also on land as he sketched Jewel as she posed, thereby leaving us a very special memento! Obviously, Rolf was a champion at more things than "just" calendar art!

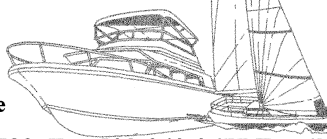
Rolf died at age 71 in 1964; Jewel Flowers passed away in 2006.



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This time last year I burned my shop down. I wondered at that time if Bob's Boats was out of business. Well, at this time I can say no, I'm back in production. All summer and into the fall I have been working on a new shop in my walk-out basement. I am now happy to say that it is done enough that I can again build boats.

A few years ago I went to the Rend Lake Messabout and met Jim Michalak. He seemed like a very likable guy and while I was there I bought a copy of his book *Boat-building For Beginners (and Beyond)*. I like to think of myself as fitting into the beyond category but I still found his book informative. I really like the way he simplifies the process of boat building. I have also bought plans from Jim but in the past I chose to build boats of my own design instead.

A couple years ago I met an acquaintance at Lake Nokomis who had a Skat that he had built from Jim's plans. We swapped boats for the morning and we both had a good time. I really liked the way Skat sailed and it has been on my list of boats to build ever since. I wrote Jim as I wanted to make sure that the boat would fit the doorway in my new shop, it did, and Jim sent me a plan.

I am learning that getting the boat out the door is only a part of the problem. My new shop has about the same dimensions as my old outdoor shop. Shops are never big enough are they? I am a canoe builder. The Skat is about twice as wide as most of my canoes.

The side panels got cut and butt-jointed together and all the frames and bulkheads got Shop set up and ready to go.



By Mississippi Bob

assembled. When I put the sides and frames together I suddenly realized just how big a 12-footer can be. Despite its novelty this project is fun anyway.

It is really nice to go downstairs to work in a shop that is already warm. No more getting dressed warm and going out to chuck sticks in the fire all day so I could have a warm shop in the evening. The new shop has a hot air duct from the furnace and it seems to stay 55° to 65° without any problems. I have found that a little electric heater brings the temp up about 10° more so it is warm enough to cure epoxy. The shop seems to stay warmer on colder days. That makes sense as the furnace is running more.

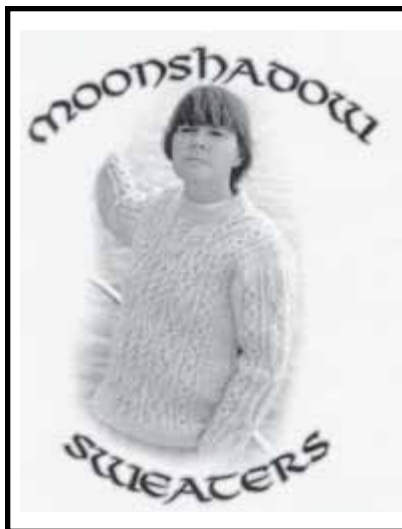
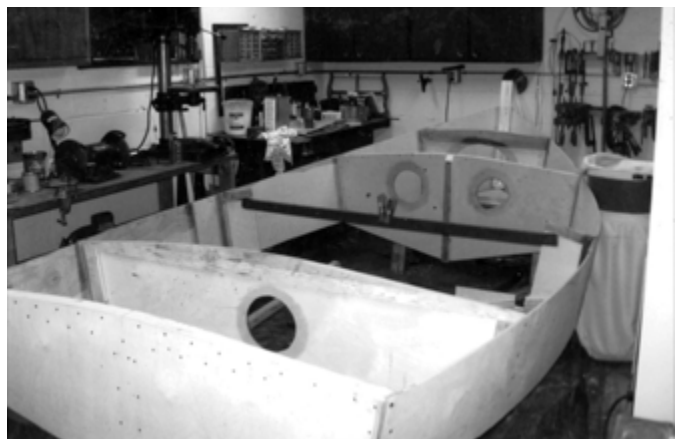
I am finding that space limitations can be a problem but I am working around them. Once the framework of the Skat began filling up the shop I needed a way to saw out the bottom panels. Fortunately just on time we had a great February thaw. I had the plywood stored in my garage and it was almost 50° out so why not. I moved my truck outdoors and swept all the salty grit off the floor. I laid down a poly tarp and laid two sheets of plywood end to end. I got my drawing tools and a kneeling pad and went to work on the garage floor.

When I was happy with the lines I drew I laid a couple 2"x4"s on the floor and laid a sheet of plywood on them and laid the marked panel on top of it. I carefully aligned the two sheets and clamped them together with a couple of C-clamps. A few minutes with a skill saw and I had my bottom panels cut.

The leftover plywood that will become the deck and many other parts went back into storage in the garage. The bottom panels got carried into the house with no problem. The February thaw was over and by evening the wind was howling and winter had returned to the frozen tundra around here. Happily, my furnace room is large enough that I could lay out one bottom section at a time to install the butt blocks.

So far I am very happy with the way Jim's plans go together. I was really impressed with the way all the bevels seemed to be perfect. I began this project right-side up. Now I have rolled it over so I can see how well the bottom panels fit. Tack and tape construction is very forgiving so I'm not terribly worried about that.

Skat well underway.






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# New Shop in Port Hadlock

Introducing the  
Jeff Hammond Boat Shop

By Pete Leenhouts

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding in Port Hadlock, Washington, kicked off our 30th anniversary year by breaking ground earlier this winter on our fifth shop, the new Jeff Hammond Boat Shop (named after our senior instructor, who has been with the School since 1985), a steel 6,300sf classroom and workshop building on the School's upper campus off Lower Hadlock Road south of Port Hadlock. Construction is scheduled to be completed by March 2011. The new shop is needed quickly for two reasons:

First, 55 boatbuilding students, a record number, are taking the three boatbuilding courses this year. While the current facilities were just adequate for the first quarter of instruction, space rapidly became a problem as students at the School began building boats this winter and spring.

Second, the Boat School has been commissioned to build a 62' sailboat designed by internationally known boat designer Bob Perry. Bill Mahler, the School's Executive Director, said, "This boat represents a superb opportunity for the School to improve visibility of its Contemporary Boatbuilding program, and will bring international recognition in the boatbuilding and sailing communities to the Boat School and the Contemporary program. The Jeff Hammond Boat Shop makes it possible to take on projects of this magnitude."

## 28 New Programs in 2011

By Eric Stockinger Executive Director

With this winter's storms burying the Shop in snow (literally), it's hard to think ahead to the warmer months when we can throw open the shop doors, walk down to the docks, and take one of our traditional boats out for an evening sail. In recent years, that's been an experience only the Apprentices have really been able to enjoy.

Our new 2011 Maritime Programs Catalog is out, offering 28 new workshops, from sewing and sailing to planking and painting. We have also expanded our adult sailing programs and added extra sessions to our popular Rockland Community Sailing youth programs. These new workshops are designed to give everyone some hands-on experience in the Shop and on the water. Maybe you've always wanted to make your own oars, try your hand at sailing a gaff-rigged boat, or build a toboggan with the family. Most of our new programs are being offered in the evenings and on weekends, throughout the year, making them accessible to everyone.

Whether it's attending one of our new workshops, coming to our summer boat launch, or simply stopping by to say hello, I hope all of you will come by and see us at The Apprenticeshop sometime this year.

### In the Shop

By Graham Walsh

Despite the heavy snowfalls this winter the Shop is full and apprentices are hard at work on their boat projects.



Soule Woodworking and Construction of Port Hadlock, Washington constructing the new Jeff Hammond Boatshop.

While the need for the facility is obvious, it was a challenge for the School to find the funds. At just the right moment, a very generous couple, who wished to remain anonymous, stepped forward and agreed to contribute half of the \$500,000 construction cost. Their generosity made it possible to construct the Jeff Hammond Shop. With their support, and that of many other individuals, businesses and foundations, over \$430,000 has been raised to date.

However, as the School continues to grow, the need for classroom space has become acute. Accordingly, the School must raise another \$70,000 to be able to install the new classroom in the Hammond Shop during the summer of 2011 to be ready for the arrival of the class of

2011/2012 in October. People willing to help complete the new classroom by making a donation to the Boat School are requested to contact Director Bill Mahler at (360) 385-4948 or [billm@nwboat-school.org](mailto:billm@nwboat-school.org). The School is also accepting donations online via their website at [www.nwboatschool.org](http://www.nwboatschool.org). Interested observers can watch daily construction progress at the Boat School's Facebook site at <http://www.facebook.com/NWBoatSchool>

We have three shops, a sail loft and 61 full-time students at the Boat School this semester. The fourth shop is a community boatbuilding shop open to members of the community and is accredited as a course for two local high schools.

## Rockport Apprenticeshop Report

Rockport, ME)



Instructors Kevin Carney and Brian McClellan are nearly done planking a 12' Lawley tender, demonstrating to the students how quick a planking project can be once you have a few years of experience. Inspired by a recent build of the exact same design, this tender will be constructed of northern white cedar, trimmed in mahogany and is intended for a March launch.

Apprentices Matt Dirr, Matt Costa, and Adam Yanchinis have completed the lofting of a 14' Paul Gartside Skylark, a robust 14' day sailor with a 5'8" beam. She is to be constructed of northern white cedar on white oak.

Sophie Meltzer is teamed with Drew Scott to loft and build an Abeking & Rasmussen tender. This lovely 10'4" lapstrake boat

will also be planked in northern white cedar on white oak frames. With classic Apprenticeshop ingenuity, they designed their lofting table on hinges that can be set at any angle to facilitate their process.

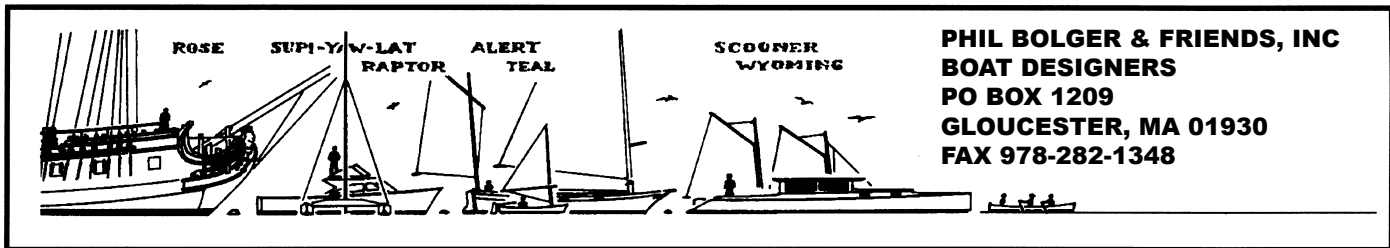
Having completed their initial toolbox assignment, first year apprentices Ryan Flynn and Kit Macchi are well into construction of a 12' Susan skiff, their first boatbuilding project.

Justin McAnaney, Hobbs White, Jeff Stee on the Apprentice 15', a double-ended Kevin Carney design with an open cockpit. They are installing her deck beams, shaping her sheer, and fitting a forward bulkhead. This boat is for sale, call or email anytime for additional information, (207-594-1800; [grahamw@apprenticeshop.org](mailto:grahamw@apprenticeshop.org)).

Apprentices Duncan Macfarlane, Thor Hubbell, Alex Roderick, and Jared Hoffman are fitting the keel, centerboard trunk and deck beams for the 18' 8" lapstrake Buzzard's Bay. This project called for mahogany plywood planking, a material we don't usually use in the Shop, and has proven to be a challenging and rewarding building experience for these students.

On Friday, June 17, the Skylark, A&R tender, Apprentice 15', and Buzzards Bay sloop will splash into Rockland Harbor for the first time. This will also be graduation day for three apprentices.

Two internships are available, starting April 4, and apprenticeships for the next term (June 27) are still open. Please call or email me anytime with inquiries or to start the enrollment process (207-594-1800; [grahamw@apprenticeshop.org](mailto:grahamw@apprenticeshop.org)).



## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Another Look at Trailer-Schooner "William D. Jochems"

#### Design #639 – Part 1 of 2



Building bulkheads.



Assembled bulkheads.  
Erecting bulkheads.



Closing in hull.

Assembling cockpit.



The boat pictured here was built by Pemaquid Marine of New Harbor, Maine (164 Huddle Rd, New Harbor, Maine 04554, pemaquidmarine.com). The owner, from Toronto, Ontario, has begun to use her with his family to explore by water and road the rich mix of large and small bodies of water, canals, and rivers near and far from his homeport. It seems not unlikely that as the kids grow, they might come to take her on their own adventures.

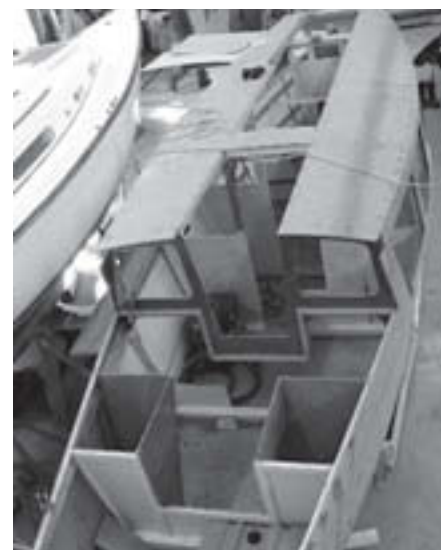
Under Ted and Joan Fetsko, the crew of Pemaquid Marine was apparently tasked to build her to an extraordinarily fine finish and high level of detailing and outfitting with cruising equipment. It is not unlikely that in this column Phil certainly shared with *MAIB* readers both ends of the spectrum, both in design and in builders' and owners' ambitions.

Whatever the final finish, this construction sequence all the way to her launch and first parting of waves would be the same for all such projects. The pictures furnished by Joan Fetsko do speak for themselves as do the faces of the building crew during her first outing under power in very light airs.

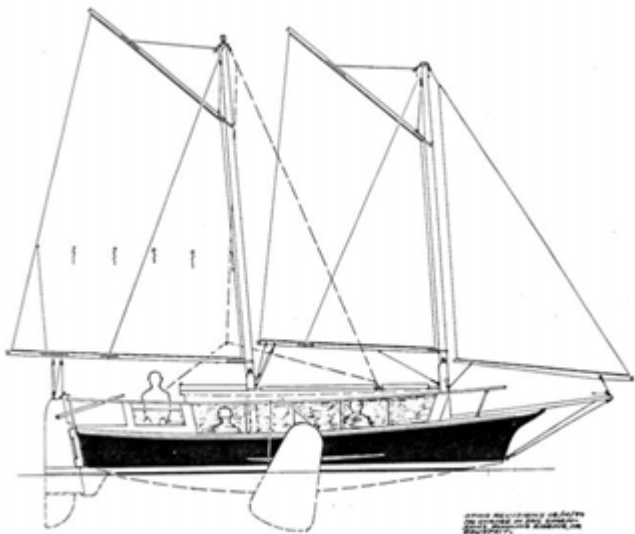
Next issue, we'll see in her how Phil would be torn between the visuals of that level of execution of this sharpie design and his lifelong focus on plain and functional approaches for his own purposes across several decades use.

Plans for Design #639, William D. Jochems, are available from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, for US \$300 to build one boat, sent rolled in a tube.

Ready for painting.







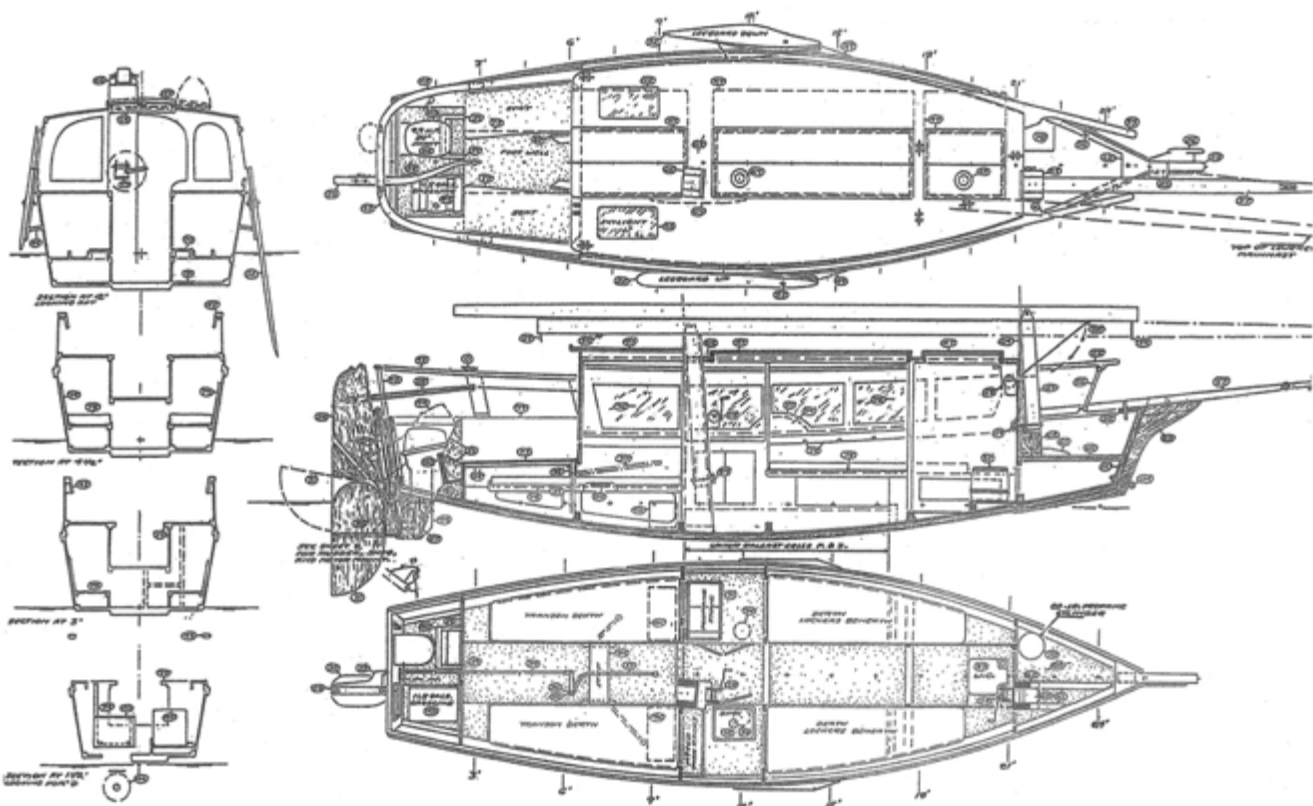
### Design #639 Specifications

Length overall (jib club to main boom end): 36'3"  
 Length over billet head and rudder (boomkin folded): 29'4"  
 Length on deck: 25'6"  
 Length at static design waterline: 23'2"  
 Breadth over retracted leeboards (max. trailer width): 8'1"  
 Breadth of hull: 7'1"  
 Breadth on bottom (between trailer wheels): 6'0"  
 Draft of hull with full load (DWL) : 1'2"  
 Draft with maximum leeboards (upright): 3'4"  
 Displacement with full load (DWL) : 4,900lbs  
 Weight of water ballast: 1136lbs saltwater/1100lbs fresh water  
 Sail area with staysail: 462sf - without staysail: 392sf  
 Sail area full foresail/one reef main: 240sf  
 Maximum mast height above WL: 27'3"  
 Minimum bridge clearance above WL: 6'6"  
 Maximum height above trailer bed: 7'8"  
 Power: 10hp large-prop 4-stroke outboard  
 12-15mpg at cruise  
 11 gallons in fuel tank



Rigging gaffs while on trailer.

First sail.





Interior looking forward.

Interior looking aft.



Pemaquid building crew out for sea trials (no wind!)

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One concern when towing a boat on a trailer is the proper inflation of the trailer tires. When my wife and I were towing boats, I always checked the tire pressure on each tire before we left the house and again after pulling out the boat before heading home. One of the mechanics, who worked on our vehicles, once commented on the need to use the same pressure gauge so we would have a consistent pressure reading. He demonstrated what he was talking about by using three different tire pressure gauges and had three different readings. They were not that far apart, but they were different.

What brought all this to mind were the scales at the retirement community where my wife and I teach Taoist Tai Chi once a week. One is a modern, electronic scale and the other is an older spring scale. There are a couple of pounds difference in the readings from the two scales when I use them. Of interest was that I weighed a different amount at the doctor's office the next day when I went in for my annual physical, three different scales giving me three different weights. Perhaps consistency of use of a given measuring tool is a good idea?

I have a fixed VHF radio installation on the boat and take a hand-held VHF when we go out on the water. One time when the fixed installation's antenna had a problem, the hand-held was very useful. Some people have their cell phone as their back-up communications device. As long as one is in a service area, the cell phone will work and one can communicate.

What brought the above to mind was a partial radio failure in a plane I was flying. It was one of the digital display radios and the digital part started flickering. While I had no idea what frequency the radio was on, it seemed to have stayed with the last frequency chosen since I could communicate with air traffic control. While telling about the radio problem, I learned about another pilot whose plane lost its radio entirely while on approach to an airport. He called the tower on his cell phone and explained the problem. Since he

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew  
(Tallahassee, Florida)

was at a low-traffic airport, he was cleared to land. A cell phone for back-up communications might be a good idea after all.

I am a bit of pack rat, things that "might be useful" are set aside. After a while, they may be discarded. The other day I needed a bail for a small bucket. I went looking in my wire scrap collection and found a piece of aluminum wire of the right thickness and length. I had the bail for the bucket.

I also keep old computer program manuals. I have been working with the local Taoist Tai Chi Society to create an electronic mailing list for announcements. The final step in the project was to match some 1,400 email addresses against those that were returned as "undeliverable" and delete those addresses from the list. About 480 of the messages came back as undeliverable for a variety of reasons.

Before I retired, I wrote a number of "match" programs to do the comparison and mark the selected item for further action. And "use it or lose it" came to the fore. I had forgotten the syntax required to write the code to do the comparison between the two lists. Happily, my old program manuals were still on the shelf and I was able to refresh my memory on the necessary syntax and structure of the program. Once written, the match program took care of the work in less than a minute of running time. It was a bit frustrating to sit at the computer and ponder through writing a simple program, but the "old" manuals were the salvation.

Old ideas come back from time to time in the boating world. A list I belong to had a discussion on shoal draft rudders. The problem with a kick-up rudder is holding it up or down as necessary. The other problem is the increased strain on the rudder in the "part up"

position. One solution is to pick the entire rudder assembly up to a higher position. This keeps the rudder blade vertical and decreases the draft, but puts the tiller higher in the cockpit. Another solution is to have a "dagger board" rudder blade. With this approach, everything stays vertical and the rudder blade is moved up to decrease the draft.

As with the previous method, there are some problems with this approach in terms of manually raising or lowering the blade while hanging over the stern of the boat (or creating a pulley arrangement to lift the rudder). I have sailed boats with kick-up rudders (Tornado & Fireball) and the lift up rudder assembly (D&M 22). Of the two, I like the kick-up approach even though one must be very careful about sailing with the rudder partway up.

A while back, there was a report circulating on the web about two people whose boat struck a reported damaged (submerged) navigation aid, sank very quickly, and their subsequent problems with the Coast Guard's procedures in response to a VHF call for assistance. When in a life raft and soaking wet one may not have all the necessary information requested by the Coast Guard's radio operator (who is following procedure). After about 20 minutes trying to communicate with the Coast Guard and get help, the two men were picked up by a local fishing boat, whose crew had seen the life raft, and taken to the nearest community where they received medical attention and other assistance.

The report of the incident brought to mind the sinking of the Coast Guard buoy tender *Blackthorn* at night in Tampa Bay on January 28, 1980. The buoy tender collided with another ship and sank rather quickly. Local fishermen who saw the collision and sinking called the Coast Guard to report the incident. The Coast Guard radio operator was following procedure (probably the same one used today) to gather the "necessary information" when one of the fisherman is reported to have responded, "It is your ship that sank and your people in the water!" The Coast Guard response was expedited.





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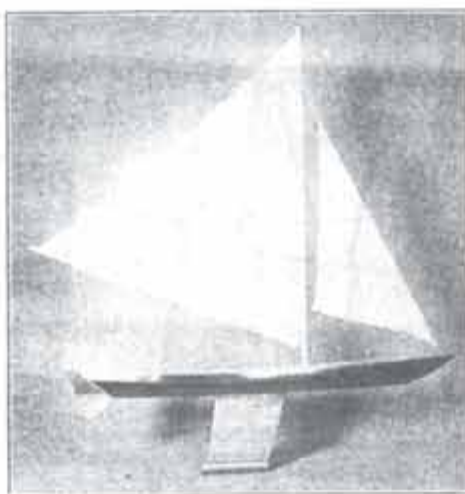
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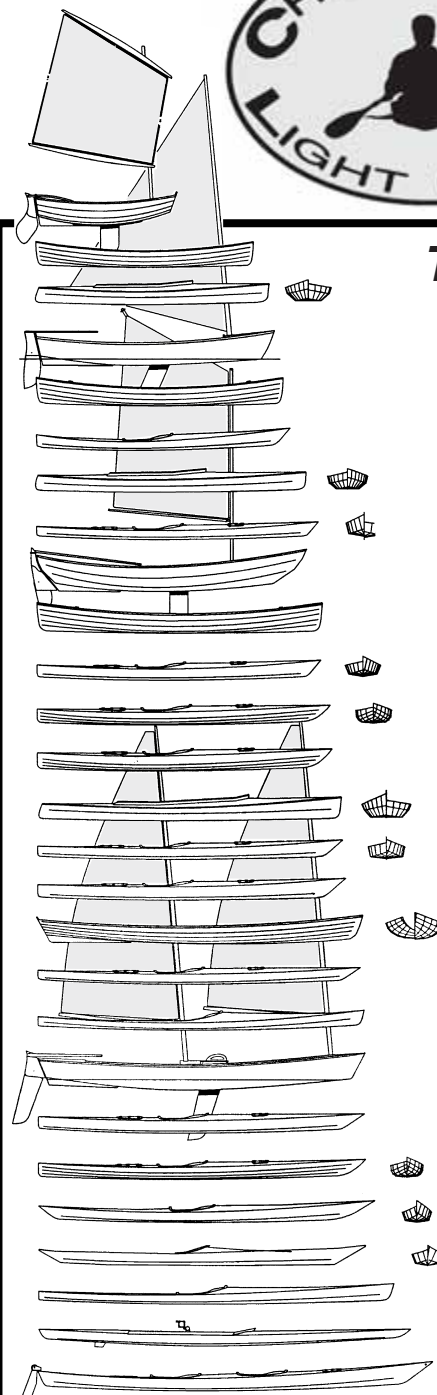
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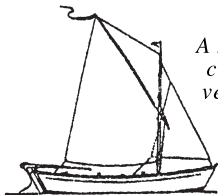
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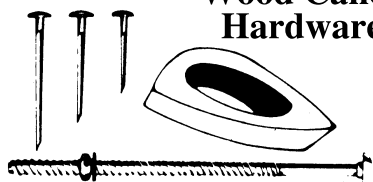
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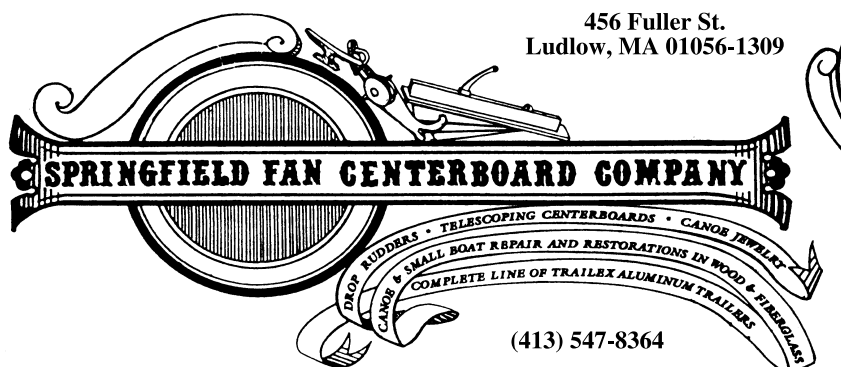
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**'85 16' Sturdee Skiff**, w/'70 Johnson 20hp ob, Trailex alum trlr. \$1,600/bo. **16' FG Kayak**, build-er unknown, no paddle. \$300.  
JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716. (4)

**29' Westerly Centaur**, cutter rigged. Modified w/3' custom aluminum bowsprit for 2 head sails, genoa & staysail w/main. Twin keels, Honda 9.9 ob, Origo alcohol stove, anchor & rode etc. This is a fine stout vessel in need of cosmetics. My wife & I spent 7 years, off & on, on a sistership named *Beau*. We made 3 round trips to & through the Bahamas from the Chesapeake & everywhere in between plus a round trip to the Canadian border logging many thousands of good miles. If you want a safe, seaworthy, roomy & comfortable small cruising yacht at a vy gd price, here is your chance. Asking \$4,200. **17' 2-Person Folding Folbot Decked Kayak**, w/complete sail rig in 2 custom bags. Ready to go on another adventure. I sailed this boat up & down Florida's west coast & Everglades, camping on small islands. Vy stable & able. \$500. **16' Alden Single Rowing Shell**, w/ sliding seat Oarmaster & Douglas Featheroars. This is the classic single recreational shell. Also works vy well as a single kayak due to its excellent directional stability. \$700. **8' Walker Bay Rowing Dinghy**, like new, w/oars. \$300. All boats located at my home on the Northern Neck of Virginia. All prices negotiable. Come by for a visit and take home a boat!

ROB KREIT, Lancaster, VA, (804) 462-9840. Henryismycat@yahoo.com (4)

**14'3" Tandem/Solo FG Egret Canoe**, designed by Mike Galt. Wood trim, beautiful design. \$900 OBRO.  
DON MAHARAN, Palm Beach Gardens, FL, 561-622-0639. (4)



**15' CLC "Skerry" Class Sail/Row Boat**, by original owner/builder: from Chesapeake Light Craft (clcboats.com). Featured in July 15, 2005 issue of *MAIB*. Has CLC approved "take-apart" modification for easy storage & transport. Incl Dacron sprit rig sail & all accessories & rigging. Also incl 8' spruce spoon blade oars & 2 rowing stations. Entire hull is clear epoxy coated & expertly varnished w/8 coats of gloss marine varnish. Boat is built of BS 1088 okoume mahogany marine plywood. Spruce spars & white ash rails also epoxy coated & varnished. Incl fitted polyester cover & transport dolly. Stored indoors since completion in 2004. only sailed in fresh water. An exceptionally lively sailboat & a very easily driven rowboat. Fairly priced at \$3,000 in Chicago. Call for photos & particulars.  
ROBERT HANSEN, Chicago, IL, (773) 549-7911. (4)

**Drascombe Lugger**, loa 18'9", beam 6'3", tanbark sails, ob, trlr. \$6,950. **Drascombe Driver**, la 18', beam 6', tanbark sails, ib, trlr. \$5,250. **Quickstep 21**, Triad trlr, ob, main, jib & drifter, chart plotter & more \$14,000. **2 Original Nutshell Norwegian Prams**, restored or as is, priced according to application.  
ALAN BOYES, Trevett, ME, (207) 633-5341, alan@classicsmallboats.com (4)



**1903 Catboat**, 20'x10'x28"/48", built by Daniel Crosby. Recently refastened & recaulked, decks glassed, interior refurbished, new rudder. Original spars, Dacron sail by Manchester. 22hp Palmer (needs some work). \$27,500.  
BOB KUGLER, Westport Pt., MA (508) 636-2236, enku451@charter.net (4)

**MK Dinghy**, 9'x4', FG w/sailing & rowing rigs. Capacity: 491lbs. Designed by US Navy, built by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. Gd cond. \$2,500.  
BOB KUGLER, Westport Pt., MA (508) 636-2236, enku451@charter.net

**17' Bell Magic Solo Canoe**, 37lbs. Black composite exterior/gold, Kevlar interior. Wood trim w/mini decking at ends. Foot brace, adjustable seat, perfect cond. Fast, stable & exquisite. New \$3,250, sell \$2,000 OBRO.  
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JOHN FISKE Prides Crossing, MA, (978) 921-5220. johnfiske@comcast.net. (4)

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**Johnson 25hp OBs**, 2 '70s vintage, 1 manual start, 1 electric start (ran 2 yrs ago). As is, \$300 for both.  
JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716. (4)

## GEAR WANTED

**Used Shaw & Tenney 7' Narrow Spoon Oars**, w/wo leathers. In vy gd or better cond.  
JON BAHRT, ME, (207) 236-3436 afternoon or early evening, sloopjonb143@yahoo.com (4)

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By: Robert L. Summers

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## MARTHA REDUX

As some of you know, we've been having a certain kind of romance with Martha Stewart. She loves our boats and we surely love the exposure. We recently received a call from one of Martha's producers saying they were doing a woodworking show....could they borrow one of our boats?

"Sure," we said, "when do you need it?"

She told us and it worked out perfectly....we were doing the New York Boat Show that week and would be just a few blocks away. As it happens....Martha knew nothing about this, it was her producer's idea. When they busy lady herself walked onto the set she wanted to know, "How'd my boat get here?" She had just seen it, hanging on the wall at home, a few hours ago....how?...who?...when?

Everything came off fine. The editors of Fine Woodworking were in the audience....as was Nick Offerman from NBC's *Parks & Rec*. Nick showed Martha a few steps that go into making one of his paddles.

Then Martha pointed to her (our) boat and asked Nick, "Have you made a boat like that yet?"

Nick said, "No, I have not. I'd need a couple more PhD's for that."

Not so, Nick, especially when using one of our kits. We invited him to come over to the Javits Center....we had some rubber gloves for him and we were going to build a boat at the show. Unfortunately, when he arrived the show had not yet opened, Nick couldn't talk his way past the guards and he had a plane to catch.

No worries, Nick. Next time when he comes east he'll come up to our shop (with his pal, Jimmy, and we'll all go rowing.....maybe even slip them into those rubber gloves and get some help building that boat.

## Upcoming Shows

Mar 24-27 Palm Beach Boat Show FL  
Apr 2-3 Lake Lanier Islands Boat Show, GA \*\*  
Apr 15-17 Jacksonville Boat Show, Jax, FL \*\*  
Apr 30-May1 Dinghy Shop Demo Day, Amityville, NY\*\*  
Apr 28-May1 Bay Bridge Boat Show, MD \*\*  
May 28-30 Woodstock Crafts Show, New Paltz, NY \*\*  
June 4-5 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY \*\*  
June 24-26 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic, CT \*\*  
July 28-31 Harborfest, Oswego, NY \*\*  
Aug 5-7 Antique Boat Show, Clayton, NY \*\*  
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME \*\*

\*\* Indicates On-Water demos

